

THE EIGHTH  
DAY.

*The Second Edition.*



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## The Eighth DAY.

**W**rite not (least men curse our wretched Times)  
Of right deprest, of high advanced crimes:  
I will not strive to speak their horrid guilt, (spilt:  
Whose souls are haunted with the bloud they  
And when they leave the prisons where they dwell,  
Will but dislodge to finde another Hell.

Nor *Rome*, nor *Romes* avow'd *Antagonists*;  
Nor those who earlyer kept the earths vast listes,  
Shall be my subject: all the fumes that rise  
From bloody spoiles, from charmes of killing eyes,  
All that's prophane, avaunt; such earth-bred things  
Must not restraine my Muse, or clogg her wings.  
Soare high my dear! rouse thee, and shake off all  
Thy dust, and inclinations Animal;  
Become a pure intelligence; and bear  
The incense of my vows to the first sphere.

Say from a Caitiffe to the three-fould Being,  
Omnipotent, Eternal and All-seeing.  
A moving-clod of earth hath sent his mind  
Too long within his sensual parts confin'd,  
To find itself (quitting this busie night,  
Where poore man wanders) in thy clearest light.  
Guided by which his contemplation may;  
Teach wiser men there is a latter day.

A

Yet



Yet what did God in the rare workmanship  
And Fabrick of the first week overslip,  
That I, a Masse of darkness, can display,  
In the portentous birth of this Eight day?

Did he not form that heaven of joy, whence fell  
Rebellious pride, where his elect shall dwell?  
Doth not the day and night alternately  
Succeed by him? his hand hath spread the Sky,  
And bow'd the Spheres, he rang'd each Element,  
Fix'd the dull earth, studded the Firmament;  
The clouds in all their shapes, the frost, the rain,  
All that breath the Aire or sip the Mayn;  
What's heavy or what's light, what wants, or owes  
Any, or all the three souls functions,  
Were then created; Earth was made to be  
A bed, to sute that sumptuous Canopy,  
Where man was laid, and then the Architect  
Rested, and saw his works had no defect.

Cannot all these, and cannot his repose  
Who gave not o're through wearinesse, inclose  
And bound the birth of dayes? No! when that hand  
Which mov'd the Spheres, which propp'd the Earth, & spann'd  
The growth of time feels natures pulse grown weak;  
And finds the worlds old ship had sprung a leak,  
When every Bird, and bush, and gust, and wave,  
When every Ant, and Atome, Prince, and slave;  
When all vicissitudes, all things foreseen  
By providence, are extant, or have been;  
When this great harvest's ripe, and death hath torn  
His latest morsel, when no child is born  
To fill the scene of man, or act the play;  
When silence enters; Then, O then, this day,  
This dreadful day shall come; earth's gaping bed  
Shall hear the trumpet, and disclose the dead.

But



But e're my venturous skiffe, for which remain  
 So many Seas to crosse, puts to the Main;  
 While yet my footing's firme, my sailes unspread,  
 I'll clear a doubt, mov'd by some busie head,  
 Who thinks it needlesse, *Adams* numerous race  
 (VVhich as it moulters, and resigne it's place,  
 Is man by man adjudg'd,) should again come  
 To hear the same, not to be altered doome.  
 O source of wisdom! Man who nothing sav'd  
 In that great wrack of knowledge, so deprav'd  
 By his Syr's itch of science, that the snow  
 Of age invests his head, er'e he can know  
 His self-composing parts, his veines, his skin,  
 Or well describe the weed he wanders in.  
 This man, thus ignorant by the twilight  
 Of reason left him, bends his weak dimme sight  
 To sift ~~out~~ mysteries, and though deni'd  
 The first man's knowledge, yet retaines his pride.  
 VVhy, without search of where the wherefore lurkes,  
 Should he not praise thy justice and thy works?  
 And say 'twas fit, that since this earth of ours,  
 Into whose bosome the Almighty poures  
 That figure of himself (our soul) is knit  
 So firmly to the guest that dwells in it;  
 It should be likewise judg'd; and those his parts  
 That tir'd the lusty torturer, scorn'd his Arts;  
 VVhen some Heroick Martyr, unmov'd stood  
 VVriting his faith in characters of bloud;  
 Should be allowed to triumph in the view  
 Of men, and Angels, and the damned crew.  
 Since those now hideous marks of sufferings,  
 Become more glorious then the Thrones of Kings.  
 VVhile conceal'd finners who delude the times  
 And varnish over their black closet crimes,



Shall to destruction on their front, advance  
 Of every sin the name, and circumstance.  
 Was it not fit, God's snarl'd at providence,  
 By whom the bad wallow in affluence,  
 And good men suffer, should be understood,  
 And all his judgements clear'd, and all found good?  
 Th' Apostate *Julian*, whose frown might depresse  
 Th' powerfull'st Kings and ranfack Provinces:  
 Sees those despised wretches whom his Doome,  
 Had flung to Beasts in such a state as *Rome*.  
 When mistresse of the earth could not have plac'd  
 The chief, of those, She most ador'd and grac'd,  
 While that proud Tyrant crawling in the dust  
 Proclaimes his guilt, and the dire sentence just.  
 Was it not fit, that as this earth became  
 A stage, whereon Christ's sufferings to his shame  
 Were represented, with such scoffs and scorne,  
 As the most abject flesh could not have borne;  
 The self-same earth, and those bloud-thirsty hounds,  
 Who cover'd him with those so gastly wounds,  
 Should see him triumph when he comes again,  
 Cloath'd in a glory which with just disdain,  
 Tramples upon those miscreants, and fill's  
 With joy the eyes, the judgement, and the wills  
 Of his elect, and so ascend with them  
 To his great City, new Hierusalem?  
 This shall suffice to cleare their doubt, who may  
 Cavil at this as a superfluous day.  
 And now I'll spread my sailes, you, in whose womb  
 The Orient Sun of boundless light found room,  
 Whose beams of grace can dissipate the damp  
 Which dull's my Muse, and fill her empty lamp;  
 Vouchsafe to take the Helm, thus steer'd, I'll brave  
 A swelling cloud, and meet a rowling wave.

Th'



Th'unfathom'd Sea, that vast Abyſſe of power  
 Who dwels not on the age, the year, the houre,  
 Who did proud Sathan manacle at firſt,  
 A foe for feeble man, too ſtrong, too curſt,  
 Now lets him looſe, as if his ſpouſe diſdain'd  
 Her lateſt palme ſhould with ſuch odds be gain'd.  
 And as his mercy judg'd it no way fit  
 So fierce a foe, whoſe ſpleen was infinit,  
 Should roam abroad uncurb'd, ſince the black time  
 Our Parents taſted of that early crime;  
 Untill this fearfull ſummons; leaſt that men  
 Even at this time too prone to fall, ſhould then  
 Sayle with a trade-wind to that gulfe, wherein  
 Souls wrackt and horreur dwell with Siren ſinne :  
 So 'twas but juſtice the proud Rebell might  
 In his own perſon be allow'd to fight.

That thoſe who did ſo rude a ſtorme indure,  
 As the laſt ſeed-corne might be fann'd more pure,

Now therefore as a Lybian Lionelle,  
 Whoſe thirſt of bloud her half-starv'd whelps increaſe,  
 Whetting his anger, from the Stygian lake  
 Begirt with death and night, in haſte he brake ;  
 And ſince his malice no ſet bounds debarre,  
 Forms a fit Captain for ſo great a warre.

This is that ſinck of ſinne, who from his Den  
 Creeps but obſcurely firſt, and flatters men:  
 Sighes interrupt his words, tears dimme his eyes,  
 When he recounts his Nations miſeries,  
 The Temples ruine, and the Scepter ſnatch'd  
 From Juda, by the Gentiles overmatcht;  
 The choſen peoples ſufferings, ſcoff'd, forlorne,  
 All Princes booty, and all Nations ſcorne.  
 Alas! cryes he, that I ſhould live to ſee,  
 My deareſt Nurſe and Mothers miſerie.

The



The peoples solemn meetings are not free;  
 Their right to governe is by tyrannie  
 Usurp'd, my country, and this sacred Land  
 Is squeez'd to nothing, by a single hand.  
 Drones doe consume the Idumean honey,  
 And Iewry's taxed with a kind of money;  
 And can the Saints bear this? must Pharaos rod  
 Chastise for ever the elect of God?

Thus by such arts, as (were we innocent  
 In these bad times) would want a President,  
 He charmes the multitude, who never know  
 What hand to fear, untill they feel the blow.  
 Then as posselt with a religious fire,  
 He seems to rescue them as in desire;  
 And as if Heaven did to his wish incline,  
 Sathan contributes some prodigious signe;  
 He first is Captain of the league; anon,  
 With acclamations he ascends the Throne.

Look, how a wolfs fierce whelp that now begun  
 To taste the light of the admired sunne,  
 Leaving his den when he but sucks at first  
 A tender lambes blood to assuage his thirst,  
 His now defiled Jawes blush at the harme  
 They did the silly beast, but when grown warme  
 With pride of conquest, then he takes delight,  
 With slaughter to outgoe his appetite.  
 The heard's dispers'd, the frighted keepers flye,  
 The earth is cover'd with his butcherie:  
 Thus Antichrist at first faintly pursues,  
 And in proportion to his strengths weak use  
 Sathans designs, but soon his awfull arms  
 Doe glut destruction, and enlarge mens harms,  
 Now seek unhaunted deserts, search the Dens  
 Of ravenous Tygers, and the slimy fens,

Where



Where loathsome serpents dwell, you that retaine  
 By flight a hope of safety, flye the plaine:  
 Choose snakes for your companions, you, that can,  
 There's nothing now so mercilesse as man.  
 The aged Father, whose care-furrowed brow,  
 Upbraids his childrens cruelty, is now  
 Betrayed by them; the Mother doth disclose  
 Her orphan child to his pursuing foes:  
 Alliance-bands, and friendships nearest tye,  
 The sacred Lawes of hospitalitie,  
 Protect not any; he, that lives alone,  
 Is ever farthest from destruction.

Thou glorious lamp, who circling this great ball,  
 Since the first Chaos, overlookst us all;  
 How often hast thou heard the sad complaints,  
 And seen the affliction of the tortur'd Saints,  
 While *Rome's* proud Tyrants bent their power and wit,  
 To drown our faith in bloud, which nourish'd it?  
 Produce those deaths, those torments that have been  
 So rich, so precious, in the eyes of heaven;  
 Shew us a man of bones, who yet retains  
 A feeling sence of his increasing pains;  
 Whose seared flesh in collops hangs upon  
 The rafters of that tottering mansion.  
 Shew us a Martyr flayed, a Virgin strip'd  
 With knotted Steele-wire, and with scorpions whipp'd;  
 Her breasts with pincers torne, and every sore,  
 And wound with dust of broken glasse rubb'd o're:  
 Produce some rack't, and some that were assign'd,  
 Their reaking guts about a stake to wind.  
 Alas! he bounds not his new chastisements  
 Within the horror of such Presidents,  
 In him like Rivers that to great Thames came,  
 All Tyrants and all torments lose their name.

But



But while the Beast would all the world ingage,  
 And makes the earth too narrow for his rage :  
 Christ's chosen Combatants doe now implore  
 Armes of their God, out of his heavenly store;  
 For the Almighty source of love, who knew  
 The curse to the forbidden Apple due:  
 When he poor Adam would commiserate,  
 Yet keep the Adamantine lawes of fate,  
 Had planted in this Forrest, where man payes  
 His early guilt by toiling all his dayes,  
 A sacred Tree, not gratefull to the eye  
 Of each beholder, farre from being high,  
 Thornie, and crabbed, and that bears a fruit  
 Most men think bitter, such as cannot sute  
 With unresigned tastes, or those whose soule  
 Considers not our Saviour, and his bowle.  
 This heavenly fruit growes mellow by his grace,  
 And we may find the Tree in every place.  
 It was the Iuice of it, *Iob* did implore  
 To still his wife, and to anoint his sore.  
 Among his combatants Christ deales these armes,  
 Whose proof consists in farre more powerfull charmes,  
 Then being shot-free; for they alway bring  
 The Triumph on the side of suffering.  
 O, never withering Tree! O safe defence!  
 O never quell'd Victorious patience!  
 By thee a Debtor, whom his want betrayes  
 To some usurious Harpie, spends his dayes  
 More calmely in a guarded obscure vault,  
 Paying the forfeit of his fortunes fault,  
 Then the rich miser, at whose suit that cage  
 At worst but bounds his brothers pilgrimage.  
 By thee, a courtier, when a greater one  
 Depraves his merit, and insults upon

His



His humble state, grown both secure and strong,  
 Seems to forget, and smoothly bears his wrong;  
 By thee some Senator, grown gray with cares,  
 In settling a rent state, when unawares  
 His heels are tript by pow'r, and his name torne,  
 From where he sate, and made the peoples scorne:  
 Calmely retires, and by a double fence,  
 Of quiet, and untainted innocence,  
 Excludes all care, and with a compos'd mind  
 Sees the Seas swell; hears the Sea-swellings wind.  
 Humbly triumphant patience! thy strong shield  
 Shall bring those Saints the honour of the field.

Ev'n as a raine-swoln torrents rapid source,  
 Falling from some steep mountain, in it's course  
 Sweeps onward to the ravenous Ocean,  
 The hopes and harvest of the husbandman;  
 The rocks in vain resist, the trees are torn  
 From their deep-fixed grapples, and are born  
 Upon his foamy back; so will this Beast  
 Harraße the earth, and all man kind infest:  
 Legions of wicked Angels guard his Throne,  
 His orders are perform'd, as soon as known.

Some in Arabia gather gumme; some tear  
 Our grandames womb, and from the centre bear  
 The tiles which cover the black house of night,  
 And shew th'affrighted spirits the strange light.

These dive for wracks, and where th'advent'rous Pine  
 Charg'd with the spoil of some West-India mine,  
 Became a prey to some impetuous gust,  
 They find Prides fuell, and the seed of lust.

Others with easier pains, and nearer home,  
 Doe search the ruines of some nasty Room,  
 Where a rich wretch procrastinating still  
 His wealths disposall to his latest will,

B

Buried



Buried his drosse, and while with short-drawn breath,  
 Mumbling some broken dictates in his death;  
 He is not understood; the earth retains  
 The fruitless issue of his mislaid pains.  
 Thus serv'd, thus furnished, the monster deals  
 Amongst his minions Crowns and Commonweals;  
 While his opposers, like a full-grown field  
 That to the sith's edge is enforc'd to yield,  
 They fall in heaps; Euphrates, Rhene, and Nile,  
 Tiber and Jordan, do run bloud the while.  
 Courage dear Martyrs! glorious combatants!  
 Th' All-powerfull King, who acted nought by chance,  
 Foresaw this time, and of his loves excess,  
 Provided a relief for your distresse.

You long-liv'd pair! who were thought fit t'inherit *Enoch*  
 The first pairs Mansion, lost by their demerit, *Elias*  
 And do possesse the blessings which abound  
 In that choice spot of Angel-guarded ground;  
 If a flower-paved, myrtel roofed Bow'r  
 Receive you, while alternately you pour  
 Divine oblations to his name, whose hand  
 Hath fenc'd, and furnish'd that eye-charming Land:  
 If near some purling brook, whose silver streams  
 Sparkle at sight of the Suns cheerfull beams,  
 You act upon that fragrant, flower-spread stage,  
 The wonders of the first, and second age,  
 Yet give my Muse access, for she is come  
 With the good tidings of your Martyrdome.  
 Behold with glad hearts they do both arise;  
 The armed Porter opens Paradise.  
 At first their eyes, that were long us'd to see  
 The earth still green, a never clouded sky,  
 Rivers that evenly kissing the smooth banck,  
 Raine ne're did swell, nor Titans thirst made lanck;

*They*



They are astonish'd to behold the place  
 Adam's transgression had bequeath'd his race ;  
 Yet they pursue their mission, where the Beast  
 Erects his Altars, where his fame's increas'd,  
 They preach the truth, and still strive to repell  
 Destruction from deluded Israel:  
 And to excite the stupid world to know  
 By whose commission they do act, they shew  
 His power in signes, and stop the long'd-for birth  
 Of teeming clouds, from moistning the parch't earth.  
 The Antichristian Sorcerers in vain  
 Do strive by spels, to free the captive rain.  
 Tempests are laid, and the still winds are stirr'd,  
 Rivers run bloud, and backward, at their word;  
 And their disciples by the spirit led,  
 Through all the sin-infected world do spread  
 A quickning seed-spark of that heavenly fire,  
 By Sathans means now ready to expire.

At length the long-liv'd Preachers that with-stood  
 The Beast, confirm their doctrine with their bloud,  
 And he himself like the chastising rod,  
 Falls a proud victime to the wrath of God:  
 For in regard of the elect, his dayes  
 Shall be abridg'd, that they may mend their wayes.

Had the just fervor of God's dreadfull ire  
 At this sad instant set the world on fire,  
 How many mislead souls, who by the stay  
 Of their last doom, shall wash their sins away,  
 Had given their names to hell, and fall'n betimes  
 Under the weight of unrepented crimes?  
 But love unwearied in the search of man  
 Reprives those souls that to destruction ran,  
 And strives by terrour of that hideous sight,  
 Whom favours could not purchase, to affright;



This is the Jewes great harvest, powerfull grace  
 Warms the dull hearts of that obdurate race,  
 God's chosen people, the first planted vine,  
 Proud of it's native slips, becomes divine:  
 Time cloaths in all it's branches Abram's stock;  
 Ther's but one shepheard, and one heavenly flock.  
 O source of love! whose cleansing waters wind  
 A thousand wayes, poor sinning man to find;  
 Who court'it him to thy Blisse, mak'it him coheire,  
 Thou who art onely good, and onely faire;  
 Wherefore that price? what needs this industry,  
 To plant in Heaven so mean a Colony?  
 That powerfull *Fiat*, which did frame and fit  
 Both that rich room, and all contain'd in it:  
 Is it lesse active now? what can he say  
 That may be question'd, whom the fates obey?  
 Let him increase his train with a new set  
 Of winged ministers: Is it a debt  
 God owes to man? or it is fit, that he  
 For an hours work be crown'd eternally?  
 O love unlimited! Abyffe of grace!  
 Mercy that knows no bound of time or place!

Here I shall leave to more advent'rous brains  
 Th' exact discussion of what time remains  
 Between the sinfull Beasts stupendious fall,  
 And conflagration of this peopled Ball;  
 Though this preceed as an assured mark,  
 The consummation's buried in the dark:  
 The time's to us uncertain, and that hour  
 As little known as God's Abyffe of power:  
 But men may see the tottering world declines  
 In natures errors and the foretold signes.

Now this great prop, that calmly underwent  
 The weight of all things, harraled and rent,

With



With self-convulsions in a gasty fright;  
 Shall trembling stand expecting this last light;  
 The fire-shod coursers of the dayes bright coach,  
 Finding their latest stage so neer t'approach,  
 Muffled with night, and breathing smoak for fire,  
 Flash forth some beams of light, and so expire.

His pale fac'd sister, who receives her rayes,  
 And vainly strives to imitate his dayes,  
 In an ill ordered manner shall dispense  
 Her ebbe and flood-commanding influence;  
 Where at th' unbridled popular waves will rise,  
 And with the winds conspire to dare the skyes.

And those still-burning tapers that by night  
 From Heaven's enamel'd vault do dart their light,  
 Will flye about, as if th' affrighted skyes,  
 Fearing to see this day, would drop their eyes.

The clam'rous Sea, when now the swelling pride  
 Of all the wind's let loose, beats back the tide,  
 Striving in vain but to make good the bound  
 Of it's accustomed ebbe, or claim the ground,  
 It still posse'st, seems to be mildly fann'd,  
 And stands as smooth, as still, as doth the Land.  
 Compar'd with it's now State, when worn, and wan  
 With the strong fits of it's ~~convulsions~~ *Quotidian*;  
 It roars it's exit, while the billows dash  
 Against the clouds, and tops of Mountains wash.

It is not now as when God came on earth  
 To fit himself for suffering by his birth;  
 The Angels then did sing, the sky was clear,  
 Mild Zephyr kiss'd the Seas, peace govern'd here;  
 And double-fighted Janus brazen gate  
 Shut in grim war from troubling Rome's calm State;  
 Plenty enrich'd the earth, dire violence  
 Stray'd unregarded, love, and innocence

Did.



Did usher that milde Lamb; to bring forth balm  
It was ordain'd the season should be calme.

{ 'Twas fit so sweete a birth had Halcyon dayes,  
{ But when the Lord of justice, whose sword swayes  
{ All that his all-or'e looking eye surveys,

Shall come to judge man, for whose special end  
He did the first weeks workmanship intend;  
For whom the Sun is fraught with heat and light,  
Whose busy cares sleep buries in the night.  
For whom the melting clouds descend in drops,  
And the fixt earth is pois'd on unknown props;  
And find's his gifts mislaid, and that dear peace  
His blood had purchas'd for the worlds release,  
So ill observ'd, what horrid prodigy  
May not the cause, and parties justifie?

If death of Kings, if pestilence, if war  
Deserve a comet, or a blazing Star:  
VVhen those disasterous tokens do relate  
But to some single Realm, or petty State;  
VVhich a sharp sight could but descric by hap,  
After exact survey in the best map:  
VVhat solemn preparations may suffice,  
To call to judgement, to proclaim the rise  
Of *Adam*, and his seed? what frightfull signes  
Should usher justice when the world declines?

The Pine-crown'd mountains, whose heaven-threat'ning  
Have lodg'd unmov'd thousands of thunder-bolts, (holts  
Like to a Poplars last years ornament  
Dishevel'd by the wind's rude breath, and sent  
Some here, some there, enforced to perform  
The rough commands of some impetuous storm:  
So they are scattered, earth-quakes will disband,  
And tear a sunder these huge heapes of sand.

The



The deep-funk gulfes their ravenous jawes extend,  
And pop'lous towns and Cities must descend.

You learned men, who travaile with the Spheres,  
Speak of *Orion*, and the *Twins*, and *Bears* ;

VVho feele the pulse of nature, and doe know

VVhat gripings doe affect the earth below.

Admire not if my humble Muse doe reach,

Beyond what use did prompt, or Art could teach.

VVhen I averre that *Phæbus* shall forbear,

To cast a glimpse on us, I aske not where

His sister stands, nor doe I strive to know,

VVhether her hum'rous head be horn'd, or no.

I say this Globe shall move, yet ne're explore

VVhat hollow Caverns can amasse such store

Of exhalations as shall serve to make,

The Centre of it's firme foundation shake.

I say that many comets shall together,

Threaten the world, and yet I aske not whither

They shall resort for nutriment, no tye

Of nature can debarre my Muse to fly

Beyond your narrow bounds; She faileth under,

Th' Almightyes conduct in a Sea of wonder.

Come to the ~~Sea~~ward, let your canvasse fall

To th' All-powerfull King, her Admiral.

In vain had *Iosue* with his sword in hand,

Importun'd nature that the Sun should stand ;

Had nature been obeyed, *Moses* in vain

Had sought a passage through the sever'd Main,

Laws of created things cannot deprive,

His boundlesse will of it's prerogative.

Now with extended wings his power shall fly,

As a fore-runner of his Majesty.

Even as a ship of whose late ornament

All but the naked hull, is torn and spent,

Floats



Floats here and there, and neither failes nor stayes;  
 But rowles and tumbles o're ill chosen wayes.  
 So ~~while~~ the Spheres disunion shall reverse  
 Th' harmonious concord of this Universe;  
 Some world-deluded, now enlightned eyes,  
 In the disorder of the earth and skyes,  
 Shall read this dreadfull day, whilst most of men,  
 Seeing these signes t'appeare, and cease agen,  
 Enslav'd to a loose life, stupid and blind,  
 As of the Ægyptian Tyrants hardned kind,  
 VVill passe away in some accustom'd crime,  
 The poor remainder of their snuffe of time.

Some Courtiers then as now, in a smooth phrase  
 In the mans hearing his renown will blaze.  
 Gain't whom this forked tongue shall in the dark  
 Spit a rank poison, and with malice bark.

Some Partisan will from the peoples sweat,  
 Squeeze hasty means to make his cottage great;  
 And finde some easie and indulgent hand  
 To free him from the spoiles forc'd from the Land,  
 For certain pious mites giv'n the last hour  
 Of that which many years saw him devour.

Some Lady whom a costly blush makes fair,  
 VVill spend more time in painting then in prayer.  
 And practise in her glasse some look, some glance,  
 To speak her passion by her countenance.

Popes will have Nephews; Miters will be sought  
 VVith so grosse Arts, that men will think them bought.

Some subtile Casuists will beat vice so thin,  
 Men will be doubtfull of what stuffe is sin.

And as when heavens impetuous cataract  
 Pour'd forth that Sea, wherein mankind was wrackt:  
 The earths inhabitants like busie Ants  
 Lay'd up Provision for their future wants;

So



So shall these last of men furrow the Main,  
 Compasse the world, and cleave the rocks for gain:  
 Untill the carelesse Master to his grief,  
 Find's his house broken by the midnight Thief.

At length the Beacon's fir'd, and this great frame  
 Feels it's last pangs, by a devouring flames;  
 All that by nature did a power acquire  
 To act on others, or were apt to fire,  
 Are spread and kindled every where; and thus,  
 The earth becomes but one *Vesuvius*.

Rocks of stupendous magnitude, which we,  
 As well as our *Antipodes* may see,  
 Like a ripe field will burn, when the north-wind  
 Waits to drive on the crackling flames behind.

The hollow intrails of this lump of clay;  
 Replete with Sulphur do expect this day.  
 When breaking up the vaults they're cloister'd in,  
 Freely they may their Tyranny begin:

The lower portion of this Ayre which men,  
 Sipping and breathing on, infect, shall then  
 Be purg'd by this refiner: and the deep  
 Which, when the heavens for forty dayes did weep  
 The sins of men, swell'd to such height of Pride,  
 As *Noah's Ark* o're *Caucasus* might ride;

And clos'd all life without it in one tombe,  
 Paying obedience to God's angry doom,  
 By the same Law must be it self content  
 To suffer by it's adverse Element.

The broad spread Oaks whose branches interweav'd,  
 Vail'd from the Sun (though frost-bit and unleav'd)  
 A world of ground, like powder set on fire,  
 Give but a ruddy flash, and so expire;

The bunch-backt Camel, the stout Horse, the Ox,  
 The royal Lion and the crafty Fox.

C

The



The Swan, the Swallow as his victims fall ;  
 New Rivers run of molten mineral.  
 No longer shall the mountains cloud-crown'd heads,  
 Or'e look the valleys, and the humble meads.  
 This able workman shall with wondrous Art,  
 Leave the earth's face without or hole, or wart.  
 But shall these works which speak mans opulence,  
 His power, his industry, his providence ?  
 Shall the *Mausolean* tombs, th' Escorial,  
 The Louver when 'tis built, be ruin'd all ?  
 Alas ! how fond is man who knows his dayes  
 Are circumscribed, that he still decays ?  
 Yet on the sandy shoar renews apace,  
 Such idle things as the first waves deface.  
 Sift but his nearest thoughts, ask why he reares,  
 Such sumptuous piles ? and you shall find he fears  
 The moth of time should eat his memory,  
 And thereby aimes at perpetuity.  
 Oh ! had he sought to perfect, not create,  
 An immortality, what heavenly state  
 Might he acquire, were his industrious Art,  
 Employed to polish his more marble heart ?  
 Or were his soul so mann'd, so strongly built  
 As is some Fort he keeps, what desperate guilt  
 Would dare t'attempt such bulwarks ? did he raise,  
 To heaven such trophies of his well-spent dayes ;  
 Or or'e his conquer'd lust, his pride, his guile,  
 Erect a lasting and triumphant pile ;  
 With half the care he spends upon a room,  
 A brazen statue, or a marble tomb ;  
 He with assurance might approach the Throne,  
 Of the All-powerfull judge and Holy one.  
 Whereas the Trophies of his mislay'd care  
 Are swept away, and the cleans'd earth left bare.

You



You witty Scepticke, do not question why,  
 The hand of heaven should onely purify  
 Such grosse commixtures, and refining thus  
 The earths dull parts, leave it *Diaphanous*:  
 And should not rather since he did create,  
 All with a word, even so annihilate  
 This uselesse Globe, since no man sayes 'twill hold,  
 A second set of worldlings, like the old.  
 Nor is it fit it should be let alone,  
 For heavens inhabitants to gaze upon;  
 Since no triumphant soul, that can behold  
 Such glories as by no tongue can be told,  
 And see his dear Redeemer face to face,  
 Invirion'd by his Saints, and in that place,  
 Will lose a look, to see the world, and all  
 The glitt'ring spangles of this refin'd Ball.  
 Besides, when this great lamp which once a day  
 Visits cold *Russia*, and beholds *Carthay*,  
 Is fixt above, would you be answer'd where?  
 Whether to this, or t'other Hemisphere?  
 Why th' earth's one part should surfeit on the light,  
 And th' other languish in eternal night?  
 Or why th' Almighty should uphold a Ball  
 Of no more use whether it stand, or fall?

Know subtile poser, that the pressing poise  
 Of the dull earth nor wearies nor annoies  
 The hand that bears it, nor shall it devest,  
 The due of natures genuine interest,  
 When 'tis refin'd, for still each weight will strive,  
 Into it's Centre from all parts to dive.  
 And so by mutual bent of falling, will  
 Preserve from falling our great Grandame still.  
 And must it needs be that because no men,  
 Shall people this vast Room, it should be then



Demolish'd clean? what dim dull eye beholds  
 The world, and sees not that great nature moulds  
 A thousand things which in shape disagree,  
 Uselesse to man even at this time, when he  
 Travailes on earth? and shall we therefore spend  
 An hasty judgement on their use, or end?  
 Do we not find Worms, Snakes, and Flies to be  
 Additions to the earth's variety?  
 And shall the firme stand of so fair a Ball,  
 Add no perfection to this goodly All?  
 It's true, 'twe'r unfit, and what soul's so blind  
 To turn from heaven and on earth fix his mind?  
 But when God's essence, and his works will be,  
 But as one object, and but multiply  
 Our joy in him; why limit you the wayes,  
 By which the Sun of justice darts his rayes?  
 Do not heavens scouts, those Heraulds that conveigh,  
 God's orders from the set to rise of day,  
 Preside o're Nations, whirle the Spheres, and run  
 Along with man, until his course be done?  
 And if or distance, or imployment might  
 Distract or hinder so desir'd a sight;  
 That task would nothing but distaste afford,  
 And they should lose that serv'd so great a Lord.  
 And these our lanterns in our exile here  
 Which guide our steps, then glorified and clear,  
 Though with a never cloyed, still pleas'd eye  
 They may behold Christ his humanitie,  
 Yet lose they not a look, while with delight  
 All objects to Gods holy praise invite.  
 For when they view Heavens coheirs round, and wander  
 Throughout the mansions of th' Empyreal chamber,  
 The copy is the same, Christ's read in all  
 The volume, though the hand be severall.

When



When they behold the Queen of Heaven, the gate,  
 That leads to blisse, th' Elixir of our state,  
 The morning Star, the Ark of Covenant,  
 My Helicon, my Muse, while arrogant  
 I pierce the cloud of time, and pore upon  
 This mighty Fabricks dissolution,  
 Is not that womb (say they) the Sacred House  
 Where God's great Word our manhood did espouse?  
 Are not those breasts the fountains whence did spring  
 Nectar, which fed the whole world-feeding King?  
 They are the feet, that into Egypt bare  
 Her Son, her Saviour, her reward, her care.  
 When Herod seeking whom she carried thence  
 Bath'd *Bethel* in blood of Innocents:  
 In her transcendently they read the story  
 Of her Son's power, and in his grace, her glory,  
 The spotless Virgins, and th' undaunted squadron  
 Of Martyrs that by suffering have won  
 Triumphant Lawrels; and the rest that fill  
 Heavens many Mansions, and shall dwell there still,  
 Together and apart include Christ's name  
 More or lesse veiled in an Anagram.

Be sure I mean not, even a guest to lose,  
 In pointing forth, which House the Sun shall chose,  
 Wherewith a seven-fold doubled light in State,  
 Th' Eternal Sabbath it may celebrate.  
 Nor will I ask you when it was created,  
 Where it took seizin first to be estated  
 In that vast Kingdom, which with watchfull eye  
 It progresseth about incessantly.  
 But fix it where you list, a self-bred light  
 In the refined Earth, will chase the night,  
 You would bring on, unlesse it be denied  
 When throughly search'd, and clearly purified,

To



To have as much bright shine, as lively a spark  
 As some rich Stones, or gloe-worms in the dark:  
 This all-enlightning torch, which now dispends  
 Light on his sister, and the Stars his friends,  
 Will husband then his beames, and onely be  
 Himself the throne of his own Majesty;  
 While independent of his smiles; the skyes,  
 His pale-fac'd sister, and those twinkling eyes  
 Which spangle that rich roof, and become bright  
 By the reception of a forreign light,  
 Shall onely weare in due proportion  
 Th'immediate liv'ry of the Holy one.  
 If so, will not the Stars, and Sun-like splendor  
 Of the new burnish't Moon, be fit to render  
 The self-assisting Earth sufficient light,  
 To save one side from everlasting night?

But soft my Muse; how are we flown away  
 To speculation? let us mind this day,  
 This fearfull day, and from such questions fall  
 T'attend the fire must burn this Arsenall.

This great Refiner by the proper bent  
 Of it's own nature, and as instrument  
 To the Almighty in a different way,  
 Is principal, and delegate this day.  
 By it's own genuine force the set of men  
 Both good and bad, who will be living then,  
 Shall undistinguish'd fall, for all flesh must  
 Taste the reward of sin, and become dust.

It acts as delegate, when venial stains  
 To their demerit feel proportion'd pains,  
 And that fraile man purg'd of his least offence  
 Shall find it active, though with different sence,  
 When that the bad in torments shall dissolve,  
 And superadded fire their souls involve.

When



When that the righteous (though th' impartial flame  
As to dissolving makes them both the same)  
Shall burn as unconcern'd and without pain  
Devest their bodies, and be cloth'd again.

But hark! the trumpet sounds, a strange chill fear  
Congeals my blood, and bristles up my hair.  
Horror invades me, and my gasty eyes  
Are deeply sunk; my veines and Arteries  
Are drain'd and wither'd, and my vitall heat  
Dissolves it self into a faint cold sweat.

Eternal guide of times! conserving all  
The pieces of this vast harmonious Ball;  
Whose *Fiat* fram'd them, and whose word put on  
An earthly weed for our Redemption,  
Make vain my fears, and cause my feeble crimes  
With powerfull accents, in these worst of times,  
In height of charming passion force a fear  
Into the hardest heart, and deafest eare.

Where er'e you are who *Nimrod*-like do prey  
On Provinces and men, and think you may  
Act what your will suggests, since nought's unjust  
Within the limits of your power and lust;  
Resume the thought of man, O be content  
Justice should guide your might, hark and repent.

Where er'e you be whose Mitered care extends  
More to your Nephews, then your Masters ends;  
Who set a part for Heaven, in dust do crawl,  
And being mark'd divine, are sensual,  
Revolve whose day this is, how you have spent,  
His treasure, and your time; heark, and repent.  
Listen, O Heavens! infernal furies hark!  
Disclose your guests O Earth, lodg'd in the dark!

As when a casement where in height of pride  
The mid-day Sun attends is turn'd aside,



In's crisped beames you may observe there flye  
 Millions of aery Atomes instantly:  
 So Adams brood sprouts up, so they obey  
 The powerfull summons of this latest day;  
 So they reveest their former coat of slime,  
 For this new birth is not the work of time,  
 Nature that slowly wrought, and by degrees  
 Produc'd still changing man, admiring see's  
 All flesh repair'd so soon, whereof some lay  
 Five thousand years made up in brittle clay,  
 Which oft the plow-man with unwearied paines  
 Furrow'd, to bury his reviving graines.  
 Which oft the land-floods washt, and oft was rent  
 By some strong gust, that struggled for a vent.  
 Some by the quick dart of Heav'ns lightning flashes  
 Receiv'd their deaths wound, and were turn'd to ashes:  
 Some sod and eaten felt the victorie  
 Of the inhumane *Anthropophagi*.  
 Some were devour'd by *Nereus* scaly Commons  
 Yet at first call they all obey this summons,  
 For God both in it's progresse, and it's birth,  
 Accompanies each Atome of the Earth:  
 He knows it's traverses, and dark recesses,  
 The Flye, the Ant, which shall it then possesse,  
 Is seen to him from all Eternity,  
 As if the Sun's sole office in the sky,  
 Were but to trace this Atome to it's site,  
 And in some covert lodge the wandring mite.  
 Conversions are to God more pervious  
 Then is the thinnest, clearest aire to us:  
 Their due of dust his just command will fan,  
 As well to the Man-eater, as the man;  
 The parents shall not of their feed bereave  
 Their child, nor Adam take his bone from Eve.

By



By providence and nature 'twas design'd  
 They should compleat their species, spread their kind.  
 The totall matter which by nutriment,  
 Man from his childhood had acquir'd and spent,  
 And still is fluid, so (as we may say)  
 This individuall thing alters away,  
 Meets not to make up man; nothing shall presse  
 To find a room, for when the species  
 Hath all the parts that *individuum* claimes  
 Rang'd in due order, with out flaw or maimes,  
 That very man, in his own flesh revives,  
 Since it's own substance every part retrives,  
 Not all of it, but what the Angels find  
 Most properly belonging to the kind.  
 For if what once was man's, were all cast in  
 How over-grown a Monster had he bin?  
 Ev'n as a City where each charge, each trade  
 The living by succession do invade,  
 Continues still the same, and is still one  
 Though many sets of Citizens begone:  
 So while mans functions are upheld, though time  
 Incorporates new Burgesses in him,  
 Hee's still the same, an 'twill suffice there meet  
 Of all the matter a proportion fit.  
 The Angels that have watcht us in our wayes,  
 And told the sum, and minutes of our dayes,  
 Travail to find and recompose the dust  
 Of scattered mankind, and allot a just  
 Stature to each one; not the same, but that  
 Which nature in that object aimed at,  
 And undisturb'd by accidents could raise  
 That man unto, when at his best of dayes.  
 For when the masse of mankind was design'd  
 Nature mans growth within two lines confin'd,

D

And



And plac'd the space between, as the just size  
 Where he without defect could stoop, or rise,  
 Leaving particulars at large to be  
 Higher or lower within that degree.  
 But those whose stature this prefixed bound  
 Within it's double raile doth not impound,  
 These are restrain'd, or help'd on to advance  
 As fits their shrinking, or exuberance:  
 And thus the *Dwarfs* or *Giants* are made free  
 From want or overcharge of quantitie.

The sexes shall be divers, yet no shame  
 Of nakednesse, for there the sensual flame  
 Which dwels in pilgrim-man is clean suppress'd;  
 He shall confusion, with his lust detest,  
 And likewise quit his hunger, thirst, and all  
 Now uselesse inclinations Animal.  
 Those appetites while man peopled the earth,  
 And was t'uphold his kind, by a new birth  
 Could not be spar'd, but now without repair  
 The body is immortal, firm and fair:  
 Nothing decays in it, no inward strife  
 Calls for assistance to the tree of life;  
 And the great stock of man which spread before  
 Shall be full branch'd, and then renew'd no more:  
 Nor do the parts alone which we do call  
 Consummated by the soul Rational,  
 Which are not still in progresse to be chang'd,  
 But as the nobler pieces fix'dly rang'd,  
 Arise in man, his haire and nailes which be  
 The same to him that leaves are to a tree,  
 Joyn to compleat him, and the reviv'd earth,  
 Misses no good it had, in it's new birth.

T'wixt childishnesse and age, man's two extremes  
 In his full vigour and the mid-day beames

Of



Of everlasting youth, hee'l rise as did  
The conqueror, the *Man-God* crucified.

Thus Man by miracle repair'd is grown  
That very Man he was, that flesh, that bone;  
Not in an age, or by degrees of growth,  
He in the twinkling of an eye steps forth;  
No likeness can so soon be form'd or passe  
Into the pieces of a broken glasse:  
No Star-like heat-betok'ning flash can fly  
With half that speed thorow the azure sky;  
The work may justly be accounted rare,  
Where God and Angels have their distinct share;  
These recompose the dust, he joyns the soul,  
Makes up the compound, and endowes the whole.  
Yet the same rise of the elect and those  
Who are reviv'd to taste of endlesse woes,  
Shall differ in it self: for though where Heaven  
Perfects the work of nature, they are even,  
And both alike in due perfection,  
Answer the bent of her intention:  
So as no wry-mouth, nor no blood-shot eyes  
No bunch-back, nor no such deformities  
Appear in either, and in this great dole  
The God of nature shall repair the whole:  
Yet those defects, which of her proper bent  
Nature produc'd, and for this object meant;  
As weight, unwieldinesse, quick sense of pain,  
Her legacies shall with the bad remain:  
While the least blemish shall be purified  
By their endowments in the glorified.  
If erring nature, chance, or doom of law  
Hath maim'd them of some limb, here every flaw  
Shall be made up, that no loss may restrain  
The one's full glory, and the others pain.

D 2

But



But now my Muse, who brought this reviv'd earth  
 This spiritual body to it's second birth  
 Through flames so universal, as shall bring  
 Destruction to each animated thing ?  
 Give us some glimps of it's acquist, declare  
 How it's adorned, and what dotes they are ;  
 Fearlesse proceed, no subject can oppresse  
 A Muse inspir'd by such a Patronesse.

Imagin then a body cloth'd in all  
 It's properties and *Dotes* Celestial,  
 More bright then is the Sun, darting a light  
 Heatlesse, and inoffensive to the sight;  
 Not a fantastick body made of aire,  
 But palpable, and fleshly, firm, and faire,  
 Clear, and transparent, so as every vein,  
 Each gut, each bone, each sinnew shall remain  
 Conspicuous as the skin, and we shall see  
 The various structure and the harmony  
 Of our dark inside, and from thence begin  
 On the Contexture of our parts within,  
 To read a Lecture of th' Almightyes praise,  
 Whose power and providence each piece displaies.

Compare not this man's aptitude to move  
 With Adam's ere he fell ; though we could prove  
 The spritely new fram'd youth with active speed  
 Had catch'd a jennet of the wind's swift breed,  
 Leap'd or'e a River, or rise seven yards high  
 To reach some lovely fruit, he would come by ;  
 For now man's flesh ennobl'd by the wear  
 Of him, who it, and all our sins did bear,  
 Can lodge endowments so sublime, so rare,  
 That where your wish would have you, there you are ;  
 The late imprison'd soul in this new state  
 Is not incumbred by his agill mate,

Yet



Yet since each motion hath a whence, and whither,  
 And that what's mov'd, must be conceived either  
 Now to be here, now there, or by the way  
 It must or move in some short time, or stay.

Imagine man impassible, not that  
 From the new Fabrick, and his new Estate  
 The Elements shall in their qualities  
 As for more ornament in his last rise  
 Be clean substracted; or he find a fence  
 From passions by a forraign quintessence;  
 But that the bodi's perfectly submisse  
 Unto the soul, and link'd to it in blisse;  
 No change can therefore an Intruder be  
 Or discompose so great an Harmony;  
 Nothing invades it, and no Agent's found  
 That may attract it past it's proper bound.  
 Thus man becomes impassible, yet so  
 As to our senses from without shall flow  
 Their proper objects; their new State denies  
 To none of them their functions exercise.  
 Nay ev'n our Palat, shall it's object find  
 By <sup>tasting</sup> ~~sensing~~ somewhat of an heavenly kind.

Conceive Man subtile, not but I deny  
 Man can himself addense, or rarifie;  
 Or that two Saints without Gods special aide  
 Whose will, the Sovereign law, must be obeyed,  
 May occupy one place, it's subtileness  
 Lyes in the bodies compleat perfectnesse;  
 Which the Apostles did not spare to call  
 (It is so excellent) spiritual.  
 This glorious body will have strength to shake  
 The massie earth and make the fixt Globe quake,  
 At the Saints choice they will be hid or seen,  
 The bodies otherwise could not have been

In



Intirely subject to the soul, whose will  
 Guides it at all times, and with comfort still:  
 But it's not meant, that properties which are  
 In nature fixt whose use she cannot spare,  
 Shall at the souls command, be thought at large  
 Either to leave or exercise their charge.  
 Bodies must still be palpable; nor may  
 Two Saints that do encounter passe away  
 Without they jumble, or the one decline  
 To narrow limits of the self same line.  
 Their *Vbies* are distinct natures, not able  
 To make them pervious, or penetrable.

Besides these glories wherein all do share  
 In order to their merit, there yet are  
 Especial markes of triumph, which are given  
 Some select wraстlers by the hand of Heaven.  
 Those who subdu'd the world, and firmly stood  
 In guard of truth and sacrific'd their blood;  
 Those men who unsound doctrine did refell,  
 And by their pens and preaching combate Hell;  
 Those who have tam'd their flesh, and kept intire  
 Their Virgin seal, and quench'd lust's raging fire;  
 With superadded blessings they sit down  
 Rich in the glory of a statelier Crown.

Thus the great *Alchymist* from the rude Masse,  
 The grosse, unwieldy, obscure lump he was,  
 Extract's the *Elixir* man, who scornes the stage  
 Whereon he acted his late Pilgrimage;  
 And hov'ring in the Aire expects the hour  
 When Christ did promise to return with power.  
 But unrefined sinners, full of drosse,  
 Gastly and horrid, frighted with the losse  
 Of so great blessings, by their change of state  
 Shall add that curse unto their worst of fate,

To



To be immortal, and while God shall reign,  
To feele an everlastingnesse of pain.

Now all are met, and *Adam* now may see  
In *Iosaphat* his numerous Progeny.  
Not that the Limits which at this day bound  
The narrow compasse of that spot of ground,  
Can hedge so many, but the active fire  
Which makes Hills level, and Vales to aspire,  
Fixing the Centre there, may farre from thence  
Lay out a large and fit circumference,  
To lodge the close-pack'd wicked, for the fair  
And happy souls will triumph in the Aire,  
While in the drosse and dreg's of this pure Ball,  
They stand at Bar, girt with a fire-made Wall,  
Among the croud some one, whose single doom  
Could ruin and repaire, finding not Room  
In vain proclaimes himself, and strives to give  
The rest some sence of his Prerogative,  
Poore Prince! this day doth undeceive his sence  
And shews his reason, his Improvidence.  
He glutt'd with the bounty of our God,  
Infring'd his edicts, and despis'd his rod,  
And wallowing in excesse inthron'd in pride  
Did the well-meaning humble man deride,  
And said, what fooles are these, who fondly nice  
To every pleasure give the name of vice,  
And cruel to themselves, spend their whole breath  
In sighes, do penance, and bespeake their death?  
Vain man! is nothing able to restrain  
Thy itch of sinning, but thy sence of pain?  
And must thou onely then, think on thy state  
When thy free actions are enchain'd by fate?  
And now too late begin'st to study man  
At the new moulding of *Octavian*;

He



He thought to meet him spreading forth his wings  
 In a triumphant Galley row'd by Kings,  
 Coming from *Actium* crown'd with victory  
 Joyning the world's divided Monarchy.

But now beholds him clean disrob'd of State  
 With out a rag of pride, as desolate,  
 As the most abject man, none bends a knee  
 To him that conquer'd great *Mark Antony*.

He thought to meet that thunder-bolt of war  
 Our fifth great *Henry* publishing how far  
 He bare the *English*-name, how he did awe  
 The reverence *France* paid the *Salique* Law,  
 That wisely gain'd whom she could not repell,  
 By interposing her fair *Isabel*.

Nor *Agincourt*, nor all the glorious harmes  
 Men suffered by this Kings victorious Armes,  
 Are mentioned here; while Angels act again  
 Th' applauded parts of that most Royal scene,  
 Wherein he broke through all the snares of sin,  
 Soothing Count *Syrens* had involv'd him in.  
 Thus spake the King (say they) you the refuse  
 And dregs of men, fit onely for the use  
 Sathan imployed you in, you whose smooth Art  
 Whisper'd those killing thoughts to my fond heart,  
 And fed with tempting language that desire,  
 Youth and ill custome made a lasting fire;  
 You that to cherish this still raging flame  
 Spar'd not to prostitute ev'n your own name,  
 And pimp'd me means to execute that sin  
 You first industriously ingaged me in;  
 You for whose riot I became a thief,  
 Robbing my father for such cheats relief,  
 For whom the Kings bench, to my no mean shame,  
 And Shops and Tavern-books record my name,

Fly



Fly from my Court, shall I resolve to own  
 Gods holy will, for basis of my throne,  
 And see it circled with so vile a band,  
 As study but contempt of his command ?  
 No, I will dread that Lord, whose single frown  
 The best establish'd Scepters can pull down,  
 And when converted, looks with pity on  
 Ev'n the graspe-eating King of Babylon.

These sights confound the sinner, he is shrunk  
 And wither'd grown, like to a saplesse trunk,  
 Horror invades him, and a strange despair,  
 Not such as raignes on Earth, that may impair  
 The state of ill by fear, and make mischance  
 Far worse in the conceipt, then sufferance ;  
 But a despair such, as though his fore-sight  
 Be twice as active, pain will blind the light  
 Of expectation, and the soul be sure  
 To apprehend much lesse then t'will indure,  
 Nor is his mind alone with this affright  
 Appall'd, he no way can bestow a sight  
 But horror meets it, and his o're-charg'd eares  
 Strive to outgo his shrunk eyes in their feares :  
 To those the roaring Seas, the fearfull cry  
 Of such poor souls as he, the mutiny  
 Of the dissenting Elements, the groanes  
 Of dying beasts and noise of flame-broke stones,  
 Thunder a message, and to these the flame  
 Of such a fire th' whole Sea cannot tame,  
 And so profus'dly spread, the gaping jawes  
 Of Hells Abylfe, the parties in his cause  
 So rudely treated, Heaven's first out-cast swarm,  
 That adding to their own, affect our harm :  
 The Lybian Lions roasted on the plain,  
 The half-fod fishes in the boyling main

E

Present



Present an hideous object, and affright  
Add's a new sting unto each horrid sight.

Is there no refuge? saith the wretch, this earth  
This aire polluted by my steps and breath,  
Should now in horreur of my former wrong  
Annihilate my being, from among  
The name of men tear mine, but that's a blisse  
Which lyes not in their grant, nor in my wish.  
There is forsooth a priviledge assign'd me,  
Which chains my soul to immortality;  
O happy beasts whose lastingnesse depends  
On your material parts, and springs and ends  
Together with them, hath poor man that share  
Of this earth's moveables, which may compare  
With all your blessings? if he hath, doth he  
Surpasse your joyes in that extremitie  
Because of his prerogative, that thus  
This pain must countervaille the overplus?  
Where did the Sun bestow a cheerfull blush  
Wherein not you alone, but every bush  
Did not partake with him? what Rivers ran  
Reverse at your approach, and staid for man?  
When did this steady prop, which calmly lyes  
Under his feet, resent your injuries?  
Did not you share in the benevolence  
Of the celestiall bodies influence  
As well as he? who gave them names, and seats,  
And distinct houses, where to act their feats?  
And thence sometimes did squeeze a truth by chance,  
Or vext himself with busy ignorance.

But now Alas! that part of Heaven in me,  
That Image of th' All-powerfull Deitie  
My infus'd soul, that with a little pain,  
And being grateful, might for ever raigne,

Sets



Sets forth my losse, the joy, the companie,  
And the unparallel'd Eternitie.

O thou my traitor flesh too near ally'd  
To the contagious Earth, born by the tide  
Of thy bad appetites! why did'st thou fill  
My glutton loose will with the choice of ill?  
How like her maker! in what heavenly state!  
How pure, how free and how immaculate  
Was my yet Virgin soul! now search, and see  
If from the Suns rise to his set there be  
A thing more ugly, yet poor clod of clay,  
I must excuse thee, thou wast lead astray.  
How calmly had'st thou lain glew'd to the rest  
Of this unmoulded earth, and perhaps drest  
In the springs flowry livery, or have been  
Some Hero's Tomb, and courted to be seen:  
If that the influence of my gracelesse soul,  
Whom thou wast bound to follow, not controule,  
Had not breath'd life into thee, made thee feeble,  
And see the world, and given thee power to reele.  
Ah! cursed pair, and onely fit to be  
The form and matter of unhappy me.  
How often did God whisper to my mind  
The now sad truths I feel, the pains I find?  
Wish'd me consider, when his dayes of grace  
Were once expir'd, his justice must take place?  
Ask'd of my reason, what was it could move  
My abus'd will to prostitute my love?  
What other joyes in competition stood?  
Or thought I him the everliving good?  
Mark, said th' Almighty, both my power and care  
O're all my works, and for whose use they are;  
Tell me who fixt the Earth, and spread the skyes,  
Burnisht the Sun, prefix'd his set and rise,

E 2

And



And caus'd him still his former path decline  
 And run obliquely by a new-form'd line;  
 That so the Finlander and swarthy Moor  
 Might find the change of seasons at their door?  
 Tell me, who grasps the Clouds, and thence distils  
 A fruitfull moisture on the sun-parch'd Hills?  
 Who through the bowels of the knotty reed  
 Conveighs the tender bud, the ear, the seed?  
 Who gave the grain a husk? who fenc'd it round  
 Which spear-like brissels, and so guards it sound?  
 Who plants the luscious figg? the Melon shapes,  
 Or fills the bladder of the juicefull grapes?  
 Answer me wherefore partridges do sit  
 And hatch their young? why horses bear the bit?  
 Why do the brawny broad spread oxen bow  
 Their necks unto the yoke and draw the plow?  
 Say for whose use the Elephant, the Bear  
 People the desert, and whose face they fear?  
 Are not the Scaly burgesles that fill  
 The Sea, the Rivers, tenants at thy will?  
 Whose Choristers are they? whose well-tun'd throats  
 Do warble artlesse, unaffected notes?  
 Do not their other winged brethren pay  
 Themselves as tribute and become thy prey?  
 Why do the still reviving silk-worms dwell  
 In downie-balls, and yearly build a Cell?  
 Whose are the Gold-mines? for whom did I lock  
 The Diamond, the Ruby in the Rock?  
 Who wears the Beavers wool the Murex's dye,  
 Or is perfum'd with gums of Arabie?  
 Consider what I made for thy sole use,  
 And thou wilt say my love was too profuse:  
 Be not ingrate, there are rewards above  
 Thou canst not comprehend, due to thy love.

These



These wholesome thoughts, while yet my tender crime  
 Was in it's bud, suppress'd it for some times;  
 But the quick growth of that too fertile seed,  
*Adam* bequeath'd his universal breed,  
 Spread unawares apace, and I was grown  
 Slave to those sins my appetites did own;  
 Yet he though now far distant, sometimes call's,  
 And in my madness I had intervalles;  
 Nay, sencelesseness, and habit, foes scarce quail'd,  
 Unwearied in my search, he thus assail'd,

Why is my beauty scorn'd? my wounds made cheape?  
 What comfort canst thou from frail objects reap?  
 Consider what a shapelesse Masse of slime,  
 How near to nothing, thou hast been sometime;  
 Who shew'd the puling Babe the stranger light?  
 And charm'd the mothers throw's by that dear sight?  
 Who fed the imprison'd infant ere 'twas born?  
 (Instance the moment, when thou wert forlorn,)  
 What hand did harmfull accidents repell?  
 Who at thy cradle stood, as Centinel?  
 How often had thy dandlings been thy bane;  
 And from thy fall's thou had'st thy deaths wound tane?  
 How often had some mastiffe bit thee dead?  
 And thou had'st fall'n choak'd with some crum of bread;  
 If my protection had not wall'd thee round  
 And set to things might harm thee, my wills bound.  
 When by my care thy Limbs were firmly knit  
 And time had ripened thine ill-ordered wit;  
 Though with the plenty of my gifts adorn'd  
 You courted Sathan and Jehova scorn'd:  
 Did I desert you therefore? was my hate  
 Implacable because thou wast ingrate?  
 How often when thy ulc'rous soul hath been  
 Ripe for destruction, but one bile of sin,

Did:



Did I divert sad accidents, at strife  
 Whether should soonest cut thy thred of life?  
 I gave thee time, advis'd thee to repent,  
 And purchas'd means to make thee innocent.  
 My spouse held forth the pledges but in vain,  
 The Sacraments which should have cleans'd, did stain;  
 My bounty was abus'd, neglect and shame  
 Made thy repentance, and confession lame.  
 When didst thou call on me in truth of heart,  
 That I repress not Sathan's subtile Art?  
 If his temptations waves did swell and rise,  
 Did I not break their force, and hear thy cries?  
 Did I not place in vice a secret sting  
 To make thee loath it by self-suffering?  
 Became I not thy brother at the rate  
 Of taking on me thy poor base estate?  
 Look on my birth, the earth did not afford  
 A seemly place to intertain thy Lord;  
 At Eighth dayes age I offer'd for thy good  
 The early victim of my infant blood;  
 And Ægypt, where my Ancestors did live  
 Unpitied slaves, saw me a fugitive.  
 Trace all my steps, observe how misery  
 Pursu'd me from the Crib to *Calvarie*,  
 Dost thou not pity this long train of woes  
 Thou my dear child, the object of my throes?  
 But if my loves vast Sea like a proud Rock  
 Thou stand'st against, and slight'st my sorrows shock,  
 Yet fear my justice, by my self I swear  
 Hell is eternal and the paines dwell there.  
 Foole that I am, his mercies offer'd beams  
 Sought me in vain and past away like dreams;  
 Untimely sighes, return, you never meant  
 To pay this tribute while I might repent.

While



While swoln with pride my mind did sacrifice,  
 Unto it self, and all the world despise.  
 While for my wicked children I laid up  
 Wealth ill acquir'd, and for my self this Cup.  
 While 'mongst the crowned bowls like a brute beast,  
 I drank away my reason at each feast.  
 While my enraged soul which anger rent,  
 Enslav'd my reason to my discontent.  
 While those loose loves that did my youth confound,  
 Did tear my sailes, and ran my soul aground.  
 While meager envy with repining eye  
 Beheld my Neighbours least prosperity:  
 While dully slow, I crawl'd away my dayes  
 And made mine ease the end of all my wayes.

Then might the drops of my repentant eyes,  
 Have pierc'd my marble sin, then might my cries  
 Disperse the mists which interpos'd did hide  
 The light of grace, which should have been my guide.  
 But now that Sathan hath by sin acquir'd,  
 The gracelesse booty he so much desir'd;  
 And that the gates which led unto the Throne,  
 Mercy with open Armes did sit upon,  
 Are shut for ever; I with fruitlesse cries  
 Importune Justice; grown but too late wise.

Thus unto Heaven which on the Rebel lowres,  
 Afflicted-man his plaints unpitied poures.  
 Rowling his gastly eyes wishing he might,  
 Though not his doom, yet shun his judges sight.  
 Mean while the now victorious flame contracts  
 His far spread wings and with lesse fury acts.  
 Th' Almighty findes all his commands obeyed,  
 The Earth is purg'd, and ev'ry motion stayed.

Life of munificence, who dost dilate  
 Thy bounty ev'n to things inanimate!

Thou



Thou in this second birth, by cleansing fire  
 To some of them perfection wilt inspire.  
 And free them from corruptions, which mans sin  
 And their own intermixing wrap then in.  
 To others as the Spheres and nobler frame  
 Of heavenly bodies thou wilt grant the same,  
 By quieting their motion, rest to these  
 Is a refining, they improve by ease;  
 Nought is adherent to their substance, that  
 The cleansing fire hath right to separate.  
 Nor will it mount so high, for it's extent  
 Proportion'd to the vast floods president,  
 Will onely reach that distance the Aire fills,  
 Of fifteen cubits or'e the tops of Hills.  
 What's beneath that, even this our fire shall be  
 Cleans'd by that fire, though one in *Species*;  
 And all the drosse and filth shall be cast in  
 As fit adornments for the House of sin.  
 No mixt but Man, no flowr, no beast, no tree,  
 Shall now remain or innovated be.  
 Their self corruptions from within them sprout,  
 Their nature is their dissolutions root.  
 The Elements whereof they do consist,  
 Are combatants alwayes with in the list,  
 Nor can their force be still the same, and they  
 Growing unequal, do each other slay,  
 Besides the motion of the Heavens being stay'd,  
 The power of springing, and ingendring's lai'd;  
 For 'tis the influence of their motion brings  
 This circular vicissitude of things.  
 The Spheres are stopp'd, *Sol* doth not stoop, nor climb,  
 The weights are taken from the clock of time.  
 The upper orbe which turns about the rest,  
 And knows no motion but from East to West,

Though



Though far above, yet able still to run  
 The self-same course with the inclosed Sun,  
 Now manumiss'd tends no where, but remains  
 A quintessence which no propension stains;  
 No massy weight doth bear it to the ground,  
 No ayrie light pass it's Imperial bound.

No longer shall the fix'd and glorious Stars,  
 Whose motion keeps the School-men at such wars,  
 Like to a gluttons eye at some great feast,  
 Twinkle from North to South, from West to East:  
 No longer shall the Planets or the skies  
 Fill ~~the~~ Horoscopes with feigned destinies;  
 Those active movers, that did turn them round,  
 Give o're their care and leave their work, aground.

The stage thus set, behold the glorious tree  
 Which bare the Son of Man in Calvary.  
 The Sacred Altar where for our offence  
 Our Hecatombe the Lamb of innocence  
 Conquer'd by suffering, see the wreath that Crown'd  
 His thorn-pierc'd Head, the Speare which made that Wound;  
 The Sponge, the Whips, the Nailes, and all the rest  
 That in his Passion had an interest  
 Appear above, nothing's conceal'd that can  
 Upbraid with treason most ungratefull man.  
 Here we shall see how infinit a space  
 Transgressing Adam left twixt sin and grace,  
 And what a journey God was fain to go  
 To raise a nature that was fall'n so low;  
 How he that made all bounds yet could not set  
 Bounds to himself to pay that natures debt,  
 Dwells in those ruins, and unites in one  
 The meanest footstool, and the noblest Throne.  
 His Sacraments those Cataracts of grace,  
 The purchase of his Wounds, fram'd to deface

F

The



The Idol sin, and to establish man,  
 The joint possessor of the spoils Christ wan,  
 Are now displai'd to shew his loves excesse,  
 And the accursed worlds obduratenesse.

Thus far m' advent'rous Muse assay'd upon  
 This new and solemn Pompes description,  
 When straining all the powers of my brain  
 And giving unto fancy the full reine,  
 I found her at a stand, for though she spread  
 In her best place her wings, and covered  
 All glorious triumphs which the earths great Queen,  
 In compasse of her seven proud hills had seen,  
 Yet even these same *Ideas* in their birth  
 From the souls lodging take a taint of earth,  
 And she cold form, no species, such a sence  
 To it's materials had not just pretence.  
 The Capitol, the pomp, the spoils of war,  
 Nay matchlesse *Rome* might be made statelier far  
 By fancy, but the stuff adorne it so  
 Is Gold, or Pearl, or somewhat we do know  
 By it's bulk, or colour, thus the sence supplies  
 A ground-work for the highest extasies.  
 But for expressing that rich confluence  
 Of spritely beauties, to consult our sence,  
 Or gather Diamonds to deal among  
 The Pages, Ushers, Heralds and that throng  
 Of winged Courtiers, or strive to dispose  
 Their train in charriots richer then their clothes,  
 Were but ridiculous, those terrene things  
 Which we think glorious, and may ransom Kings,  
 Could they be stuck on Angels, were allay,  
 And as dark fogs that cloud the brightest day;  
 They want both form and matter, yet are full  
 In their own substance, but poor man is dull,

He



He cannot reach them, who must dwell upon  
 Beauties of colour, feature, fashion;  
 Their power hath bounds, yet say not in their case  
 They are contain'd, for they contain the place.  
 They can be where they list, now here, now there,  
 And yet not pass the interposed sphere;  
 Their motion is betok'ned by their wings,  
 Th' exceed in number all corporeal things.  
 These cloth'd in their own beauties, such as he  
 Speaks best, who sayes he knows not what they be,  
 Attend their master to receive the guest  
 His blood made room for at th' eternal feast.

If *Sheba's* Queen with wonder look'd upon  
 The Temple and the Court of *Salomon* ,  
 If that their riches, order, ornament,  
 In her might justify astonishment,  
 What shall we think of this ? or were it fit  
 Th' Eternal wisdom, who at first did knit  
 The various pieces of this goodly All,  
 Who turn's the Spheres above, and props this Ball,  
 VVho lights the twinkling tapers, whose bright eyes,  
 Spangle the azure cieling of the skyes,  
 And made these works for pilgrim mans sole use,  
 Should now detain his mervails more recluse,  
 VVhen Heaven and Earth do meet, and all eyes see  
 Christ his victorious Humanitie?

As when a flash of lightning releas'd  
 Breaks through the ambient cloud, so from the East  
 Behold the Judge is come, before him flyes  
 Justice, sole Juror in this grand Assize.

You his Vicegerents, who since *Peters* dayes  
 Uninterruptedly have kept the keyes,  
 VVho on the Mountains top did alwayes shine  
 And show a never discomposed line,



The Lord's great Harvest is laid in ! Appear ,  
 The Ship's at Anchor, and the Coast is clear :  
 How sweet your lives rich incense burns, your fear  
 Did poise the burthen you were loath to bear,  
 And when you did ascend th' appointed Hill,  
 T'was in effect to Sacrifice your will;  
 Your thoughts as universall as your charge,  
 Had no lesse interest then the Church at large,  
 Which you have water'd from the double flood,  
 Some of their Doctrine, others of their blood.  
 Truth's smaller tapers in your time burnt clear,  
 And did like beams of your fair Sun appear ;  
 Bishops in heart and action were no more  
 Then Priests to God, and Stewards to the poor,  
 Some Hospitall, some Colledge speak their Rents,  
 Their riches left no other Monuments,  
 Those who renown'd the world, were not lesse grown  
 As Faulkons at their pitch, thence to have flown  
 With more succesfull speed at their wisht prey,  
 And seize some Miter'd booty by the way.  
 Vowes were spirituall, nothing gave them birth  
 Which had relation to this sordid earth;  
 Crimes even to schisme, of ignorance and zeal,  
 With milder unguents you assay'd to heal,  
 But obstinate and supercilious pride  
 Did feel your thunder and was cast aside ;  
 Peace was the subject of your thoughts, no side  
 Might justly say self-int'rest was your guide ;  
 The name of common Father was in you  
 The same it meant, you prov'd the title true;  
 No casuist durst by new and subtile wayes  
 Remove the mear-stone twixt the sword and heyes :  
 O trusty servants ! whom the Lord doth place  
 O're all his goods, how happy is your case !

Here



Here, as I would proceed, the early day  
 Did on the sudden drive the morn away.  
 While I admire this haste, there came in sight  
 A Dame whose eyes increas'd the new-born light,  
 Sorrow fate on her face, yet sorrow took  
 A power to charm from her Majestick look.  
 Her robe was rich, though broken, 'twas not worn  
 To raggs, but look'd as if 'twere newly torn;  
 I guess'd her errand, and her cause of care,  
 When I read *Europe* in the Crosse she bare.  
 Old banish'd man said she, er'e Monarchs come  
 To speak their actions, and receive their doom,  
 Write what I dictate, that my childrens crimes  
 Who tear me thus, may be repress'd betimes.

There was an Age when your victorious armes,  
 That now are glutt'd with your proper harmes,  
 Triumph'd in Sun-burnt *Africk*, and have been,  
 The constant guard of conquer'd *Palestine*.  
 There was a time when honour and the cause  
 Of Princes were establish'd by such Laws,  
 As without band of faith some heretofore  
 Sought with successe to reinthrone a Moore.  
 Must *Venice* antient *Rome's* Epitome,  
 Where her great Senates *Genius* chose to be,  
 Where their extracted spirits better rest,  
 Cherisht by faith within a Christian brest,  
 Object her single shield to bear off all  
 The half-moones darts which on the rest should fall?  
 Think yea that all her crying blood, which stains,  
 The *Candian* shoare, and the *Dalmatian* plains,  
 Will ne're be heard? or that she was plac'd there  
 To keep the lists, that you your selves might tear?  
 Y' have fought your treasure dry, and not your spleen,  
 Your Armies look like *Phantasmes*, not like men.

Exa-



Exaction, rapine sits at every door  
 Prisons and starving persecute the poor;  
 Will you defer, will you too late repent  
 Your Neighbour Kings unpunish'd president?  
 A score of wicked heads arm'd in the guilt,  
 Of their own conscience, and the blood they spilt,  
 Gayning the torrent which so soone or'e-whelms,  
 Have crush'd three Nations, and have seized three Realms,  
 And now enslave by terror of their armes,  
 Whom they at first abused by their charms.  
 These are the glorious Wars this Age affords,  
 Which court your fames, and call upon your swords.  
 Be wise my dearest Sons, prevent this day,  
 Your judge is rigid, and time posts away.  
 This said, she vanish'd and my Muse being freed,  
 Having obeyed her will, thus I proceed.

Appear yea Kings, Heavens arme of flesh, you tye  
 The ravenous Monster, uncurb'd injury;  
 And do impale those savage appetites,  
 Which know no limits but their own delights.  
 The peoples hands do move at your command,  
 You right the honour of the injur'd Land.  
 You can rude *Mars* his threats and thunders still,  
 And *Ianus* doors are opened at your will.  
 Mercy attends you and you can exempt,  
 What subject you think fit from punishment.  
 You note the growth of States, and animate  
 The wise results of a mature debate.  
 You force obedience where mens haughty pride,  
 Would lay the justice of their dooms aside.  
 You guard the old, but not alone create  
 Any new link to fetter our free State.  
 The Peeres and Commons form the Laws, to you  
 Their life relates, and all their power is due.

Yet



Yet as in framing man nature indents,  
 With her ingredient's the four Elements,  
 They should retain their qualities, but still  
 Distributes mens complexions as she will;  
 And thus not wronging any mixt, may give  
 To whom she please a longer time to live.  
 So though the many men who inter-deal,  
 And are the compounds of the publick weal,  
 Do by their birth, their trade, their industry  
 Inherit, or acquire abundantly,  
 And freely do those benefits derive,  
 From your just Laws, under whose wings thy thrive;  
 Yet those Creations, by which from the throng  
 You do extract men, and do no man wrong;  
 By which you in his Nephews eternize  
 Their grand-Sires vertue, who deserv'd to rise,  
 Are solely yours, this priviledge is due  
 To that Magnetick power onely in you.

Some in the head of armed Troops do stand  
 Unparallell'd when under just command.  
 Some are an honour to the civil gown,  
 While as the Laws prescribe they serve the Crown,  
 Some plough the Seas and make their native soil  
 Rich in the plenty they acquire by toil.  
 They to the fourth descent transmit their store,  
 Who stand for justice and assist the poor.  
 All keep the limits of their proper sphere;  
 And are protected by the sword you bear;  
 Particulars as your dread will injoyns,  
 Have divers values and are different Coins.

This is the power of Kings which how y'apply,  
 Your several Subjects best can testifie;  
 For ther's no Act of yours that can devest,  
 The Subjects still involved interest,

Which



Which (though it reach not publick Government)  
Do marr or mend their lives by president.

You in the furnace of affliction try'd,  
By want and a sad exile exercis'd,  
Draw near, and speak your conscience; say, this hand  
Hath evenly dealt the justice of the Land.  
No injur'd Sutor could pretend to fear,  
That power or favor could close up mine ear.  
From the cleare spring-head where I was but plac'd,  
To distribute thy goodnesse, I have grac'd  
And cherish'd merit, parts and vertue might  
Claim to be Judge, or Prelate as of right.  
Mine eyes did never intertain a look,  
For which my Subjects house or vineyard shook.  
I did not force his bed, ravish his child,  
My lips were not with rash commands defil'd.  
My words were sacred and my memory  
Never reviv'd a pardon'd injury.  
I envi'd not my Neighbours just acquist,  
So 'twere by marriage, or the interest  
Of lawful armes, but if I saw him spread,  
And lift beyond those bounds his awfull head,  
I joyn'd to crush him, lest the wood might be  
Nothing but branches of an or'e-grown tree.  
And when my abus'd people drunk with ease,  
Like curled waves that Crown the breaking Seas,  
Did rise against me, being charm'd to bear  
The chaines themselves have wrought, and now they weare,  
I did with patience suffer and was fed  
Allmost within their view with forreign bread.  
Untill thy mercy did unseale their eyes  
And their proud riders forc'd them to be wise.  
But you the portlier worms and ranker mud,  
Steep'd in the Lees of lust, fatten'd in blood,

Tell



Tell why you kickt at Heaven, and maintain'd war  
 With his own arms against the Thunderer;  
 And used the plenty he inthron'd you in  
 To make the way more smooth which led to sin?  
 Whence came those wrong-sought wars, that ill kept peace,  
 Those cruel means which made your store increase?  
 Who taught you those inhumane policies  
 State Atheisme, advantagious perjuries?  
 Read his instructions by whose grant you reign,  
 You'll find your life but one continued stain.  
 Did he whose bounty mark'd you for a Crown,  
 Who of meer grace and proper motion  
 Gave up his people to you, he who made  
 Your persons Sacred, whose dread Doom forbad  
 You his anointed to be touch'd, did he  
 Merit those dire affronts, such injurie?  
 Ingratefull men! consider if among  
 Those underlings, who to your Courts did throng,  
 There were not apter moulds for Kings, a hand  
 Whom your unsteady steerage of the Land  
 Would add a glory too, a firmer brain  
 'Gainst which the vap'rous projects which did stain  
 Your rule, would split a nobler heart if tri'd,  
 Conscious of much more honour, and lesse pride:  
 And yet you govern'd, and securely bad  
 Heap'd up but vengeance by the power you had.

Appear great comfort of the best of Kings  
 Thou monument of highest sufferings;  
 You the first widow whom the Sun e're saw  
 Lament a Sovereign Prince murther'd by law,  
 While meaner sorrows melt in tears, and part,  
 Stupendious grief congeal'd your mighty heart,  
 And you surviv'd the losse, onely to be  
 Of patient *Iob* a modern Historie,

G

For



For all his plagues and more then were then known,  
 Are close made up in this prodigious one.  
 Sathan who had not as yet understood  
 How subjects could spill ev'n *Job's* childrens blood,  
 Summon'd the winds, his malice was content  
 Such slaughter should appear an accident :  
 But having practic'd on the King of Kings,  
 Grown expert now, he owns those horrid things :  
 It's now your tears are dry'd and now you find  
 'Twas good to suffer and to be resign'd.

Prelates ! you lamps of truth, whose watchfull care  
 Steer's the good ship wherein th' Elected are,  
 Whom nor Promotions, Dandling's, powerfull baits,  
 Nor storms of threats, nor waves of Court deceits  
 Could by that Syren's voice, that Sea-swoln rage  
 Charme or inforce to leave your anchorage ;  
 From your exuberance of Heavenly grace  
 Our barren souls did fructifie apace,  
 You were so equall Arbiters between  
 God and fraile Man, in the great case of sin,  
 That no indulgence caus'd you vilifie  
 By killing favour, proud man's injuries  
 Nor was your zeale so indiscreet, as that  
 You did not feeble man commiserate;  
 The saving bath of Penance was not warm'd  
 For those could bear it cold, nor were they harm'd  
 By a profuse compliance, sinners knew  
 And partly felt, what to their sins was due :  
 Your Palace walls were not preserv'd from cold  
 By antick stories wrought in silk, and gold,  
 The poor mans blessing was a better fence  
 And better warm'd the house of innocence.  
 A noble plenty was your fare, no Feast  
 Whose dishes, forms, and names puzzell'd each guest,

No



No droves of motly lackeys, no sad crowd  
 Of unpai'd Artizans clamour'd alowd,  
 Your servants spake you in their looks, they bare  
 Such civill marks as shew'd whose cloth they ware.  
 No Court intrigues took up your time, no kind  
 Of worldly ends did captivate your mind;  
 It was not thought in your calm dayes good luck,  
 To gain a richer benefice by truck;  
 No great mans frown, no favour, no pretence  
 Could discompose your serene conscience;  
 The bequeath'd blessing of that heavenly peace  
 Through you descended to your Diocesse;  
 The joy-rapt peoples cries, and vows were cast  
 As flowers upon your head, where e're you past.

But you in earnest of your miserie,  
 Who di'd your illgot stoles in Simonie,  
 And cleav'd unto the earth, come now, excuse  
 Your crimes to him, whose spirit you abuse;  
 Your sheep are scabby, foul, lean, and soul-sick,  
 While you are fatned in a Bishoprick;  
 Are you his servants, who did feed and keep  
 And on his shoulders bear his wand'ring sheep?  
 Which of his kindred by his toile and care  
 In Jewries fruitfull vales could claime a share?  
 Did he mispend his precious time to shew  
 What due observance he did pay and owe  
 To some great man, while in his anti-room  
 Each day he fill'd a seat courting some groom?  
 And all (ah! slave to sordid avarice)  
 To lard thy Miter with some benefice,  
 Christ made you not for any such intent  
 The overseers of his Testament.  
 He who fore-saw the seed, the plant, each ear  
 Of all succeeding harvests, he did fear



The want of workmen, and commanded us  
 To pray for more, your conscience may discuss  
 Your form of suit, and find that you and he  
 Affect a different Pluralitie.

You are the household servants, you that knew  
 His will, do know what punishment is due.  
 Spend not your breath, it is in vain, to call,  
 To cover you the mountains may not fall,  
 Your iron hearts do feel an eating rust,  
 And torments sift your reunited dust.

You purer spots of light, whose birth and place  
 As aptest objects do receive the grace  
 Of highest favors, Kings in you abate  
 The dazeling Sun-shine of their power and State,  
 While you disperse unto the common eye  
 Their thus transfused awfull Soveraigntie,  
 Self-interest, secret combination,  
 Blind Passion, busie altercation,  
 Fear to displease, eternall seconding  
 Of Princes humours, troubled not the spring  
 Of your pure thoughts, there peace securely dwells  
 Where you assist as watchfull Centinels.  
 You were no blazing Stars, nor did mens eyes  
 Look on your titles, as on prodigies;  
 Your stock of innate honour was above  
 The sphere wherein you did appear to move,  
 All court intrigues like waves against a rock  
 Fell back in froth, when you repell'd their shock;  
 Foxes by untrod paths steal to their prey;  
 But noble Lyons keep the Kings high way,  
 In all the frowns of fortune (the best test)  
 Your care was doubled, your regard increas'd.  
 No change of State did introduce neglect,  
 The character did govern your respect.

You



You scorn'd to be a Wisard, Rat, and fly  
 Out of the falling house from misery.  
 While most ungrateful hands did pull away  
 The basis of the throne which God did lay,  
 You strove to underprop it, and repair  
 The object of half-hearted mens despair;  
 An overgrowth of wealth was not your aime,  
 Places might fall without your search or claime.  
 When home-bred broiles or forraign armes did eat  
 Into your Countries peace, then you were great,  
 Great in the hopes of men, great in desert,  
 Great in your Princes trust, greater in heart  
 Of Loyal duty, now 'tis understood  
 You thriv'd both wayes, you were both great and good.

But you the wither'd sprigs of some fair tree,  
 Who owe your all to mindful Heraldry;  
 That pin th' Atchievements of your grand Sires Armes  
 Upon our brest, which no such pure blood warmes,  
 While onely bearing badges of their fame,  
 Yours and your foot-mens office is the same.  
 Consider if improvidently base  
 You were not charm'd, or frighted to deface  
 Your source of honour, and put out that light  
 Whence you deriv'd your title to be bright.  
 Why did your avarice and rent-rack'd soil,  
 Deny your swaine a livelyhood for his toil?  
 And must your neighbour who by long descent,  
 Possess'd some ground which pleas'd you, vext and rent  
 With Law-suites on design, never have peace  
 Untill that eating rust, that land increase  
 The bulk of your estate, and be tane in,  
 To feed your dear, and multiply your sin?  
 Forty tall blew.coates in your new-found loome,  
 Are Wov'n into a Lackey and a Groom.

YOU.



You eat in silver and in Cryſtal drink,  
 Yet none would gueſſe how much your new boords ſhrink.  
 The meat's ſo fitted to the mouths within  
 As at your gates beggars are ſeldom ſeen :  
 Degenerate! who have ignobly ſpent  
 The ſtock of honour left you by deſcent;  
 And are ſo baſely mean, men ſcarce have faith  
 For what the ſtory of your grand-fires faith.

Appear you Martialiſts who give fame wings,  
 You props of kingdoms and ſupport of Kings.  
 You who in favour of a righteous cauſe,  
 Have ſnatcht your many Laurels from the jaws  
 Of death and danger, you whoſe awfull name  
 Conquerd at diſtance, gave Laws where you came;  
 How oft hath Winter whetting the thin aire,  
 Frozen the Snow to pendants in your hair?  
 How often hath the dog-ftars raging heat  
 Dri'd up your vaines by your exhale'd ſweat?  
 Tir'd Troops did often in your will advance,  
 Armies have fed upon your countenance.  
 Your meanest Souldier dress'd him in your light,  
 He knew not what was ſterneſſe but in fight.  
 Rape, rapine and that baſe imperiouſneſſe  
 Practic'd or'e abject peafants, that exceſſe  
 Of ſmoak and drinking, and that foul-mouth'd War  
 Made againſt heaven by oaths were driven far  
 From your well ordered Camp, each private breſt  
 Diſdain'd to entertaine a meaner gueſt  
 Then unpolluted honour, now lay by  
 Your cares and triumph in Eternity;  
 For Who is he or what profeſſion boasts,  
 A nearer intereſt in the Lord of Hoſts?

You trumpets of the higheſt! you that cure,  
 Our feſtered ſores, whoſe lancing we indure

With.



Without a frown, because your spirit can  
 Distinguish peccant humors from the man.  
 You that distill such Physick in our eares,  
 As through our eyes dissolves our sins in tears;  
 You, that do strive to persecute the crimes,  
 And not the businesse of these woful Times;  
 Appear in glory, could your utmost wish  
 Produce a thought in you of such a blisse?

Appear thou Mine of charity, great Town,  
 The choicest jewel in the *French* Kings Crown.  
 Thou who contend'st withall those miseries,  
 Which man is Subject to, whose care supplies  
 The shame-fac'd poor, th' avowed indigent,  
 The Pilgrim and converted Penitent,  
 Infants expos'd, the old, the sick, the feeble,  
 The convalescent and incureable;  
 The maim'd, the wounded, and those exil'd bands  
 Of *Friers*, *Priests*, and *Nunnes* from forraign Lands;  
 Thou whose great heart and boundlesse charity  
 Ransacks the jayles of Sun-burnt *Barbary*;  
 And Ransom'st those from the insulting Moore,  
 Whom Christ from Sathan hath redeem'd before;  
 Thou happy Centre where the weight of those  
 Who are oppress'd, resort and find repose;  
 Produce thy noble parts, those men who stint,  
 Their own expence to furnish this vast Mint;  
 And farre from trusting *Casuits* defence,  
 Do take *abundance* in the strictest sence.  
 See how the incense of their bounteous Almes,  
 The menac'd thunder of Gods anger calmes.  
 How all the mercies they conceal'd on earth  
 Are told in sight of Heaven; how their new birth  
 Triumphs in them, and for Eternity  
 Shall wear the Garland of their Charity.

Ap.



Appear you happy souls, who at one stroak  
 Have cut those earthly grapples and that yolk  
 Of property which clogs man, even the best  
 With some regard to private interest.  
 You at whose beck your Rebel flesh submits  
 The powerfull motions of it's appetites,  
 And if 'twere possible, is so exempt  
 From it's frail passions as it would not tempt;  
 Who weep with Penitents and search the Goals,  
 T' unfetter souls, whose moving speech prevails  
 With men despairing and allow no fence,  
 But mercy to presumptuous confidence.  
 You that breath nought but heaven, and in desire  
 Are alwayes at the Altar, or the Quire,  
 See how born up on true devotions wings,  
 You wear the Garland of your sufferings.

You virgins whom Heaven's hand establish'd,  
 In that repose our Parents forfeited,  
 Building a thousand *Edens* for your use,  
 Where from the pomp of the vain world recluse  
 Unto your spouse and virgin Queen you pay  
 A thousand *Hecatombes* of laudes each day;  
 Trim' up your lamps, the Bridegroom comes, arise,  
 Meet him, and feast for ever on his eyes.  
 Oh happy souls! whose farthest Pilgrimage,  
 Was scarce a span from Heaven, and that t'ingage  
 A glorious body to partake a blisse  
 That is Eternal and exceeds your wish.  
 Reach forth your hand, 'tis true, I needs would stray  
 And I am left thus wounded in the way.  
 Beg of your spouse, he may convert his face,  
 And look with pity on my woful case.  
 Say that an Aged wretch, who now looks back  
 And reads the story of his threatned wrack,

Who



Who sees with horror through what ways h' hath gone,  
 What sands he touch'd, what Rocks he struck upon;  
 Still struggles with the waves, and would implore  
 A saving grace might hale him to the shore.

I am the wounded Passenger, you can  
 A& the good part of the Samaritan.  
 O! pity me, your hallowed lips are pure,  
 The Surgeon will in earnest for my cure  
 Accept an *Ave*; pay it as you read,  
 The thieves have hurt me, and I find I bleed.

But you who make a sacrilegious shift  
 To save a portion, and do think it thrift,  
 To cast your daughters not call'd to that state  
 Into the worst of prisons, a forc'd grate,  
 Hear what the Thunderer sayes, proud worm, base slave,  
 I am your God, the Lord of all you have.  
 And must th' excreffions of your familie,  
 To keep the sap at home, be flung to me?  
 To me whom Queens should court, whose looks adorn  
 The smiles and blushes of the gilded morn,  
 Whose breath perfumes the East, whose wealth is more  
 Then a still craving miser can implore?  
 Are my retreats, my sacred solitudes,  
 My Paradise, which all half-hearts excludes,  
 Become your Jayls? must I be thought t' invite  
 A Monster, such is a forc'd Hypocrite,  
 A soul that finds the treasure of my grace  
 Knows I deserve not to be thought so base.

Appear you sons of want and toil, to whom  
 Earth seem'd a stepdame, Pilgrims now at home,  
 Whose still necessitous state, whose homely share  
 Of this worlds moveables, may now compare  
 With all those Mines, from which the rich man teares  
 But gilded motives of vast cares, and feares.

H

See



See where the Lawrell grew, and goale was set,  
 Did not his Canopie his Coronet,  
 Those Palaces, that purple, and that plate,  
 Those costly spoiles, that ill-acquir'd estate  
 Encumber him, when stripp'd and disarray'd  
 Of all the world, your wealth, your prize was lay'd  
 There at that stake, to which with ease you came  
 While their abundance made the rich men lame ?  
 This is the day, when 'twill appear your meat  
 Steep'd in the brine of your industrious sweat  
 Was better cook'd, then cold and spungy gourds  
 And scarce form'd limbs of some abortive birds,  
 And that the home-spun fleece your sheep did bear  
 Was a more sumptuous, and more lasting wear,  
 Then *Tyrian* purple silks with Pearl imboft  
 Laces and purles, that know no mean in cost.

The poor maim'd soldier, who through smoak and fire  
 Reach't at the shadow of his promis'd hire,  
 Who fought a righteous cause, fed on his own,  
 Murmur'd at no command, and injur'd none;  
 Who begg'd unpittied of some proud grim Lord  
 That holds his Lands by tenure of his Sword,  
 Shall without check at this great muster-day  
 Receive a glorious and perpetual Pay.

The widow, whose calm state death's powerfull hand  
 Hath discompos'd like barks stuck in the sand,  
 The scorn of every wave, their tackling broke  
 Who sacred justice do in vain invoke,  
 While every billow mov'd by power infests  
 Their ill protected, and weak interests;  
 Now while the bribed Judge feels his offence  
 They meekly wear the crown of patience.

For ever blessed be the God of Heaven  
 That dealt his mercies and rewards so even,

As



As those eternal joyes, to rich, to poor  
 Are near alike, both find them at their door ;  
 These are not Pearl's for which we need to drive  
 A trade of hazard, or with Negro's dive,  
 Nor need we plough the Main, or climb a Rock,  
 Stand in a breach, or bear the foes rude shock;  
 Dangers surround it not, it's price is that  
 Beggars may spare, things common to each State,  
 Th' Almighty Merchant trafficks not for gain,  
 Love is the price of all the Heavens contain;  
 Not lip-love, pomp of words, or turn'd-up eyes,  
 But solid vowes, and the hearts sacrifice.  
 A love, that bears such penitential fruit  
 As with the greatnesse of our sin doth suit :  
 And by the means prescrib'd, prepares the Lord  
 Before it dare solicit an accord,  
 A love from which his state, his dulnesse can  
 Exclude no begger, no unletter'd man.

Those the wise setters of disjointed States,  
 Those who consult the Stars, and tell mens fates  
 Those conduit-pipes of Heaven, learned Divines,  
 Those who both Globes do travers with their lines,  
 May miss of this, the science without Art,  
 While simple swains do find it in their heart.

But now you wicked crew who are to plant  
 That over-peopled Hell! where there is scant,  
 Room for your wallowing, e're those dire dark vaults  
 Eternally enclose you, speak your faults,

Are you the impious Atheist's whose assent  
 Fortune obtain'd for the world's government?  
 Who did dethrone that providence whose will  
 Gives their existence to what's good and ill?  
 Of whom the industrious Ant learns to lay in  
 Her harvest in a winter Magazin?

H 2

Who



Who warms the forlorn eggs the Ostridge layes  
 Hatching the young, the step-dame bird betrayes ?  
 By whom the water in a pump ascends  
 And in a mixt the Elements are friends ?  
 The wretch that liv'd as if there were no God,  
 Flatter'd himself, and would remove the rod.

Are you the Parricides, whose guilt of blood  
 More horrid then till now was understood,  
 Lyes heavy on a Land where yet none can  
 Impute the crime unto the thousand th man ?  
 O! 'twas a black Art, so to infect the Times  
 As mens Heroick actions became crimes,  
 To force abused valour act each thing  
 Might make their CHARLES a great and glorious King.  
 While subtile mischief in the dark contriv'd  
 He should be short, their slavery too long-liv'd.

Art thou the desperate coward ? who durst rear  
 Thy armed hand 'gainst God and proudly swear,  
 I'll fight in spite of thee, I'll not omit  
 For all thy Heaven, and all the joyes in it,  
 One circumstance of Duell-courage; brave Devill  
 Sleight him and in cold blood act thou that evill,  
 Thrice and four times Coward! that art afraid  
 Of what this Page, that fool, the chamber-maid,  
 Her mistresse, or his vainer Lordship, nay  
 What any Atheist can conceive or say.  
 Basest of Cowards ! when at Gods command  
 Thou wilt not guard thy soul, where wilt thou stand?  
 Where was this honour *a la mode* when Rome  
 Saw all the Earth sway'd by her single doom ?  
 Fencers and condemn'd wretches in her dayes  
 Ingross'd that honour and did act Sword-playes,  
 And when the Christian Faith did spread so far  
 She did even those from such dire sports debar.

False



False huffing honour, you forsooth disdain,  
 Like weak abused School-boys, to complain;  
 Is it lesse childish then to think that right  
 Cannot be done without the judges fight?  
 Hath this blood hunting Wolf a priviledge,  
 When all beasts are confin'd, to leap the hedge?  
 Princes the root and spring of honour, they  
 Restrain it by their Laws and point the way  
 To reparation: you'll be hang'd and damn'd,  
 Ere you submit to any such command;  
 Hark you good friend! when Sathan leaves to swell  
 Your veines with passion, and that breath of Hell,  
 You'll shrink like ill woven cloth, and being led  
 On nobler danger you'll hang down the head.  
 For they observe who nearest do inquire,  
 Your Duellist is often but false fire.

Are you the Court Divines? whose tongues did smooth,  
 The way to vice, you who do stroak and sooth  
 The sins of great Ones, and were still inspir'd,  
 As fitted best the Miter you desir'd?

Who would have thought that Courts, such glorious  
 The orbs of pleasures, Theaters of Kings, (things,  
 Would so profusely contribute to fill,  
 Hell with such weighty crimes, such forms of ill!  
 Who could expect that trick'd-up property,  
 That powdred perfum'd piece of *Symmetry*  
 Would be thus ugly? or that awfull face  
 Which Ushers in it self; and cries give place,  
 Which kept the Courts observant, supple hinges,  
 Perpetually imployed in making cringes,  
 Should be thus spill'd upon? but all is just  
 He hath disclos'd the secret in his trust,  
 Was open to rewards; and to gain friends  
 Made it his work to crosse his Masters ends;

That



That other hath contriv'd some foul pretence  
 To blemish more regarded innocence.  
 This nourish'd factions, finding no support  
 For undeserving men in a calm Court,  
 And thriv'd by them; for as among small threads  
 Of ravel'd silk thrumb'd up, although the heads  
 Are visible and mark'd by every man;  
 Yet from among the rest we hardly can  
 Pull any one, so fast th' intrigues of all  
 Have intertwin'd it in the knotty ball,  
 So having whisper'd Jelousies and fears  
 In some mens credulous abused eares,  
 He arm'd them 'gainst their fellows, then did lurke  
 Securely in the folds of his own work.

This servile Buffoun magnifies some sin  
 That powerful Lord through custome wallows in;  
 Or Leads him to a new one, and that vice  
 Of after-confidence becomes the price.

Come *Sirens* of the times who unprov'd,  
 Nay cherish'd and of mislead youth belov'd,  
 Do write in verse which being Harmony,  
 Hath with the soul of man such Sympathy,  
 As 'tis a welcome guest, can loose and bind  
 The ever working passions of the mind.  
 Why do you wrong this power? abuse this fire  
 Which should be holy and to heaven aspire?  
 Is it the times hard fate, the Muses bane  
 That verse must be lascivious or prophane?  
 Is nothing deem'd sublime, nothing of price,  
 That whispers not a sin, and tempts to vice?  
 Are those rich robes of fancy onely fit,  
 To cloth a vapour draw'n by some choice wit  
 From the vast Sea of sin? Oh 'tis a shame  
 To the chaste Muses that their sacred flame

With



With wanton raptures and base lust refin'd,  
 To charming numbers treacherously kind,  
 Should kindle Calentures in hearts, and move  
 Too-soon-believing woman to loose love;  
 Or be convey'd to youth from age to age,  
 And find applause when brought upon a stage.

Appear you Hypocrites, whose turn'd-up eyes  
 And books and beads and mortifi'd disguise  
 Court but opinion, while your soul within  
 Prou'd of your Art and mask, riots in sin.  
 Who in your closet pay the poor with shrugs,  
 And deal your Almes as Mountebanks their drugs.

Unmask that woman, *Hymen* speaks the wrong  
 She did his marriage rites, she from among  
 The blessings of her peaceful joyes and tast,  
 Of uncontrouled pleasures, hath embrac'd  
 A wanton liking, and like *Sodom* whor'd,  
 Unmindful of the judgements of the Lord.

You who the Law, the Register to fate,  
 The way to peace, to Justice, the great gate,  
 Do prostitute, mov'd by some sordid bribe,  
 Was handsomely convey'd, and well appli'd;  
 Or by some great mans Letter, a strong charm  
 When he's your Patron or may do you harm.  
 Do you appear, the Laws face which was fair,  
 And reverend, grew horrid in your chaire.

Appear Law-leeches, whose intrigues have drunk  
 Some Suiter up, left him a saplesse trunck,  
 And whilst his crowns did last, restor'd new life  
 To the dead suit, again wound up the strife;  
 Dragging the cause you knew unjust, through all  
 The costly benches of the clamorous Hall.

Appear you Libellers, whom a strange itch  
 Of printing Books or ends more foul bewich,

To



To heap untruths on innocence, and blast  
 Fair Monumental names, built to outlast  
 The injury of time, much more the voice  
 Of railing tongues, which in a rude harsh noise  
 Do belch the vapour which your fiery brain  
 Drew from an ulcerous heart, no words could drain.

But wherefore is this Catalogue of crimes?  
 He who would name the known sins of the Times,  
 Must have a Muse that's wing'd with spritely fire,  
 Arm'd against horror and unapt to tire.

Beyond the rest those wretches, who the state  
 Of such as want do not commiserate.

Those by the Son of man the judge deputed,  
 By God the Father sternly are rebuked

Accursed miser, saith the Lord, I fate  
 A forlorn naked starveling at thy gate;  
 And with despised tears through feeling sence  
 Of my distresse importun'd audience;  
 While cramm'd with far fetch'd, and luxurious glut,  
 You enshrin'd your belly-god and shut me out.  
 You cloth'd me not when my torn rags betray'd  
 My carcase to the Winter, and your aide.  
 While your Buffonne, your parasite, your whore,  
 Shar'd in excess what I designed the poor.  
 Thus spake the Thunderer, and a fatal showre  
 Of full ripe vengeance hovers in his lowre.

Ask not fond man, what time he'll spend upon,  
 So universal a discussion.

Here's no demur in Law, no subterfuge,  
 Man is his self-accuser, God's the judge.

Whether some sprightlie mean which dwells not on  
 Exteriour things or tongues expression.

Gives to this great arraignment wings to fly,  
 And consummates in haste, mans destinie,

Or



Or whether God will lengthen this Affize,  
 And fill as well all mankind's ears as eyes,  
 We cannot tell, while this so thick a cloud,  
 So unrefin'd, our spritely part doth shroud:  
 But sure I am, that either mean shall be  
 A true remonstrance, and discoverie  
 Of all mens actions, and the world shall know  
 Each deep dark sin he covers here below:  
 Nor shall proroguing of the time suspend  
 Gods justice, or the damns pains befriend;  
 Their Hell's about them, as the Saints shall share  
 Their early glory in the place they are.

Reader who e're thou art, for all alike  
 Are now concern'd, each ship, each skiffe must strike  
 Sail at this Cape, and anchor in this road,  
 To shew her cocket, and discharge her load:  
 Look into ages past, amasse in one  
 Pleasures, for which ten thousands have forgone  
 Their hopes of Heaven, suppose each day, each night  
 Did court thee with diversifi'd delight,  
 Suppose thou wert as *Cleopatra* dress'd,  
 Each day invited to some Royal Feast,  
 As sumptuous as was *Nero's*; that all eyes  
 All tongues, all pens did offer sacrifice  
 Unto thy shrine, that thou had'st power to sin  
 Equall to that see-monster *Messaline*;  
 Suppose, fond man, that malice which now rents  
 Thy bowels, could inflict such punishments  
 Upon thy foes, as all the world might wonder  
 At thy wraths height, and shake beneath it's thunder,  
 Or that thy Scepter, and Dominion,  
 Disdain'd the bounds of thy ambition,  
 Suppose all beauties, which thou fanciest, came  
 To prostitute their honour to thy flame;

I

Alas!



Alas ! what's that when *Lachesis* hath spun  
 The thread assign'd thee, and thy glasse is run ?  
 That point of time if these so long could last,  
 Concludes all vain, which is, or may be past,  
 On earth of things the transitorie sence  
 Hath nothing reall but in consequence;  
 Pleasures and torments are so much the same  
 When past, you'l find they differ but in a name.  
 But let me ask you, you whose god, whose blisse,  
 Nought but a little sensuall pleasure is,  
 Have you a stock of courage enough vast  
 To combat all the torments, which at last  
 You know you'l meet in Hell? or do you wink  
 At so sad objects, or are loath to think ?

Dare you for whom the Ermine is uncas'd,  
 And the poor silk-worm for his cell displac'd,  
 Who have your winter stoves, your summer-shades,  
 Whom every chill breath pow'rfully invades,  
 You whom the morning dew, a little wet,  
 The Sun-beams, or a close dayes sultry heat  
 Casts in a feaver, Can a Dame thus nice  
 Enter a red hot furnace, freeze in Ice?  
 Dare she object so smooth, so soft a skin  
 To the stern Bedles that attend on sin?  
 Dares the now pamper'd flesh wherein you dwell  
 Be made an anvill for the fiends in Hell?

Dare you whose nostrils the perfumed East  
 With choice of odors and rich sents doth feast,  
 You who distill each blossome and do wring  
 Extracts, and essence from each well smelt thing,  
 Dare you to whom musk smels too strong, expose  
 The organ of so delicate a nose  
 To such a sinck of stench, where all the matter  
 The fluid fester'd soares of Leapers spatter?

Where.



Where putrid carcases, and op'ned graves  
Of men scarce jelly, whose stanch-coffin saves  
Each drop of their corruption, scarce admit  
The name of a bad sent compar'd with it ?

Dare you who loath a running soar, a rat,  
A canker-eaten face, an household cat,  
Behold that hideous jail which Justice built  
To punish Sathan and his factions guilt ?  
Where in a narrow vault an horrid fire  
Choak'd up with smoak, doth flash and then expire,  
Where gasty shapes of Devils new forms of pain  
And all the marks of Gods wrath and disdain  
Are constant objects, and no light presents  
Other then change of fearfull punishments.

Dare you whose palate relisheth no grape  
Nearer then Chios, whom no sauce can scape  
Uncensur'd, you who by strange meats excite  
The o're-cloy'd dulnesse of your appetite ?  
Dare you nice glutton be condemn'd to feast  
On A spick's poison, and the gall of beasts ?

Dare you, whom the least noise offends, whose ears  
A lute ill strung, a voice ill sorted tears,  
Crow'd for a room in Hell ? to hear shrill cries,  
Men's mutual curses, and dire blasphemies ?

Yet now like one, who in a well-fought day  
Out of a heap of bodies crawles away,  
Who by degrees relates the bloody fight  
And slowly brings sad accidents in sight,  
Describing first the order of the men,  
The Armies motions, which part, how and when,  
Where the reserve was plac'd, the baggage laid,  
How rude the shock was, whence the Cannon plaid,  
Then dies the field with blood, and dwells upon  
Wounds, death, and horror, flight, confusion ;

I 2

At



At length when he hath varied every form  
Of terror, to compleat the hideous storm,  
He tells the beaten Armies fate, and fall  
Of him by whom it stood, the Generall.

So reader, having made a weak assay  
To draw the gyant limbs of this great day,  
And search'd with dim blear'd eyes, and a short sight  
That bottomlesse Abyſſe, that house of night,  
I must at length this monsters chief part cast,  
And say these torments must for ever last;  
Amasse in one what since the birth of dayes  
All Tyrants did inflict, in all their wayes,  
All the diseases, wounds, and their rude cure,  
And all what men and spirits did indure,  
Think some prodigious wretch were chain'd to all.  
These tortures, since the moulding of this Ball  
To this last day, yet somewhat's left t'advance  
A glimmering hope in his sad sufferance,  
Though every slow-pac'd moment dully flies  
O're-charg'd with myriads of Agonies,  
Yet by it's nature time must alwayes tend,  
Though by a thousand windings, to some end;  
But O! the circle of man's miserie  
The bottomlesse Abyſſe *Eternitie!*  
*Eternitie!* the map and square of all  
That may be justly thought essentiall,  
That animates both Heaven and Hell, this thing  
Can onely name this ease, that suffering;  
*Eternitie!* the grave of thoughts, since wit  
Hath nothing left for exercise in it.  
For though some active brain, should for the birth  
Of his concept, annihilate the Earth,  
Remove the Spheres, and leaving nought within  
The great convex of the orbe Crystalline,



Fill the void space with atomes, and from thence  
 With drawing Mote by Mote that confluence  
 Of close-pack'd sand dust did assigne each one  
 Upon account to be a Million  
 Of years, nay ages, when his survey's done,  
 The curious man is just where he begun;  
 And where he thought to exercise his wit,  
 He tears his book and saies 'tis infinit.  
 This is the ell of providence, by this  
 Christ measures unto man his bane or blisse.

Ah wretch! who every hour doubles the chaine,  
 Which ties thee to Eternity of pain;  
 Fond! and improvident! at length begin  
 While thou hast time to weigh the price of sin,  
 Be frighted at those judgements, which when past  
 No tears can moderate, no time can wast.  
 Imagin at this instant, thy souls sent  
 To answer God by some sad accident.  
 How horrid is thy passage, if the sence  
 Of unrepentance fright thy conscience?  
 How scornfull thy rejection? mark the frown  
 Of th' all-powerfull judge, behold the Crown  
 Which thou hast lost, and that abyss of fire  
 To which th' art doom'd, observe the joynt desire  
 Of Heaven and earth to have just vengeance fall  
 On thine accursed head, where now are all  
 The properties which hung about this thing?  
 Will no man speak to ease his suffering?  
 Where is his son, for whom the wretch laid by  
 Treasures immense acquir'd by usury?  
 Hee's making haste to cleare the house, and tells  
 His weeping neighbours the rank body smells;  
 Where is his wife, Alas! she weeps to see  
 The discomposure of her family.

And



And hath some early thought of a new Mate  
Not for herself, but to conserve th' Estate.

Improvident and wretched man! who hears  
This inoppugned truth, where are thy fears?  
Oh! search the wound, shed tears, and be contrite,  
Do penance, be absolv'd, and do God right,  
While yet you bear the Fardel, while you may  
Dry the wet mouldy luggage in the way,  
Consult those antient heaven-enlightn'd guides,  
Where the safe refuge of your soul resides,  
Ask of *St. Hierome* how that *Roman* Dame  
Whom no concealed lust nor willful flame  
Led as she thought unto a lawful bed,  
Did weep, did sigh, did look, was cloath'd, was fed?

Ask of *St. Pacian* how a cancker'd wound  
Is by the Prophet's ordinance made sound?

Ask of *St. Cyprian*, how sins stubborn field  
Is to be harrowed and inforc'd to yield?  
All say the mislead souls contracted stains  
Must be tane out with penance, plaints, and pains:  
With penance the true warden of the fort,  
That hath the watch-word, and can passe the port,  
Salvation's second, but laborious birth,  
Which in our teares washes the sully'd Earth;  
The great accountant for our debts, the calm  
Which layes God's wrath, our wounds Celestial balm;  
The onely Harbour where a soul betimes  
May shun being shipwrack't by the storm of crimes;  
The sacred sword which in our inward fight,  
Subjects the flesh to the victorious sprite.  
Were there a way lesse painfull, and more even  
Which in depraved nature led to Heaven,  
*David* a man according God's own heart  
Doubtlesse had shed lesse tears, and felt lesse smart.

And



And Christ by his example had not bleſt  
 Sufferings which Pilgrim man's first pains increas'd;  
 Now when each crime's discuſts, each corner ſought,  
 And every action, word and ſecret thought  
 Is weigh'd apart, while Heaven, Hell, Sea and Land  
 And *Adam's* numerous race are at a ſtand;  
 Oh! give me leave to interpoſe my tears,  
 Between thy ſentence and my moſt juſt fears.

Dread judge, dear Saviour whom true loves exceſſe  
 Compell'd to aſſume our fleſh, and to repreſſe  
 At no mean rate the Canker ſo far ſpread,  
 Which all men from one man inherited:  
 This heaven and earth a work of thine did ſee,  
 Thy ſpear-bor'd body nail'd unto a tree,  
 While thy Thorne-crowned weary head, whereon  
 The world depends, had nought to lean upon;  
 By that ſad time and by her grief, whoſe heart  
 Was pierc'd with more then ſorrows ſingle dart;  
 Who felt all thy reproaches, ſcoffs and ſcorn,  
 And gave to God a nature might be torn;  
 Spare both thy work and purchaſe, turn thine eye  
 From my offences, lay thy juſtice by.  
 Mercy dear Lord, not juſtice, cleanſe and heal  
 And at this day remember this appeale.

Ah! 'twere ſome comfort if the damned might  
 Without the ſence of loſſe, inhabit night.  
 That ſo their everlaſting pains might dwell  
 Within the limits of a ſingle Hell;  
 And no remembrance could as in a glaſſe,  
 Shew them how great their fellows glory was.  
 But that's denied them, and to carve upon  
 Their marble heart's a firme impreſſion  
 Of their forſaken bliſſe, Chriſt firſt invites  
 The happy ſouls to their prepar'd delights.

Come



Come blessed of my Father, share with me  
Unbounded joyes for all Eternity.

Dwell in that place to which you did aspire,  
And go ye wicked to Eternal fire.

This said, in triumph he ascends among  
The trophies of his conquest, whose sweet song  
The skies do Eccho: Blessed for ever  
For ever blessed be the Conqueror,  
The Lord of Hosts, the Lamb of innocence,  
Our victime, our Redeemer, our defence,  
Vertue, Honour, glory, power and praise  
Attend our King, our God in all his wayes.  
The heavens receive their Lord, poor abject man  
Made but of dust, whose life is but a span;  
Whose cares and frailties in his Pilgrim wayes  
Mark out th' afflicted minutes of his dayes,  
Is favorite of mercy and of love,  
Is Co-heir with our Lord and reignes above.  
Fond Greek who of the vain and froathy scum  
Of earthly pleasure build'd *Elysium*;  
And didst imbellish it with trees and flowers,  
And ponds and silver brooks and shady bowers,  
And freeing it's inhabitants from toyl  
Of planting vines and ploughing the rich soil,  
Didst with *Ambrosia* feed those sensuall souls,  
And reach them Nectar in rich crowned bowles,  
How faint is thy Idea? and how vain  
Their offer, whose weak brain attempts to stain  
Beatitude with thoughts drawn from the earth,  
So different and sordid in their birth?  
Yet some men will be still exhaling thence  
Those vapours and consulting with their fence.

A Sun-parch'd Negro fancies groves, and finds  
Shades to the South, and from the North the winds.

Each



Each covert hath a spring, no sand is seen,  
 The Sun shines seldome and th' Earth's still green,  
 A Finlander and a frozen Muscovite  
 Fancies a warmer heaven and stoves in it,  
 Some of rose-water fancy silver brooks  
 Where trouts are caught with baits on golden hooks;  
 Some fancy black ey'd Falcons on their wings  
 Stooping to seize on every fowl that springs,  
 Some would have woods of Cedar, some of Pine,  
 Others contend for groves of Jessamin  
 To harbour stags and deep-mouth'd hounds, whose crie  
 Should teach the Spheres a better harmonie,  
 Some shape their garments, and set forth their hair,  
 And fancy now their then Celestiall wear,  
 Some lest their walks should be too long, do place  
 Seats where to rest on at each twentieth pace,  
 Thus the worm man who crawls on earth aspires  
 To such a heaven as futes his now desires,  
 But Christians breaking the thick cloud of fence  
 Contemplate new-made mans preeminence,  
 And place him in a heaven above these toyes,  
 Inthron'd in reall and eternall joyes,  
 Here that unbounded and all-filling light  
 Whence all things have a being, in this night  
 Of pilgrimage Ecclips'd, shall then appear,  
 And we shall know God, as God knowes us here,  
 This joy, this ever present mysterie  
 Of reall glory, as at home shall be,  
 And dwell with us, all our souls faculties  
 As in their proper Sphere shall move in this,  
 And all-alike will share this heavenly store,  
 For vessels that are full can hold no more.

Here Christ the choice vine, by his Father drest  
 Whose grapes, e're man was justifi'd, were prest,

K

Doth



Doth fructifie more odoriferous sweets

Then a refined fancie thinks it meets

At the Arabian Phoenix funerall,

When her young successor she doth enstall.

Like unto Mirrh or Balm, like Nard on flame,

Like Aromatick spice which wants a name,

Are the perfumes the Virgin Queen dispends

Upon the Bridegrooms guests, her son's dear friends,

And every Saint like to these spicy Isles

Whereon the Sun bestow's his early smiles,

Breaths odours sweeter then the Persian payes

His bright *Divinity*, the Guid of dayes.

If aged *Simeon* when our Infant Lord

Gave himself up to be by him ador'd,

Found his heart melt at so divine a touch,

And begg'd to be dismiss'd, his joy was such;

If here on earth the blessed Penitent

In kissing of his feet, found such content,

As the whole world, and all the influence

Of it's smooth charmes could not divorce her thence,

What extasies, what raptures of delight

Shall seize our soul, when in th' eternall light,

And face of Heaven, we are allow'd to kisse

Those now triumphant wounds, those gates of blisse,

Through which we enter to possess and see

That vast abyss of joyes, the *Trinitie*?

If here the Gospel in it's homely words

To humble hearts such heavenly sweets affords,

If happy souls by that Celestiall fire

Finding a spritely warmth, lift their desire

Beyond low objects, to whose nearer charmes

Our nature is more prone to reach it's armes,

How shall the guests be rapt that at his boord

Hears himself speak it, and possess the word?

Here



Here every infant tongue, each ruder voice  
 That's scarce articulate, yet keeps a noise  
 Exceeds on every subject in each piece  
 The prattling miracles of *Rome* or *Greece*;  
 Or if by quicker means a Saint would show  
 What he desires his fellow Saint should know,  
 He opens but his mind, and instantly  
 What he would have reveal'd, the Saint doth see,  
 While all the other thoughts he did not mark  
 To be transferr'd, lye hidden in the dark.

Who charm'd the Dolphin to present his back  
 To save *Arion* from that threatned wrack?  
 He whose strong fancy by *Amphion* calls  
 The hopping marble to the *Theban* walls,  
 Or he who *Orpheus* did so much befriend  
 And gave the damned leizure to attend  
 While the uxorious Fidler touch'd his Lute,  
 And made grim *Pluto's* three-tongu'd porter mute,  
 Might of Heavens Musick and the Saints emotion  
 Fancy some glimpse, or dark imperfect notion,  
 But we may sooner through the wilkin skud  
 Clogg'd with the fetters of our heavy mud,  
 Then comprehend those sweets, those joyes excessive.  
 New-moulded man shall in each sence possesse,  
 Within, without, beneath him, and above,  
 All objects will increase his joyes and love,  
 Within his proper *dotes*, his strength of mind  
 His body to an orbe of light refin'd,  
 Without the winged citizens, the place  
 The blessed souls, and our Redeemers face,  
 Above the Deity, the Crown of blisse  
 The consummation of man's happinesse,  
 Beneath the gastly Fiends, that fire those pains  
 No breath of mercy cools, and no time drains,

K. 2

And:



And those avoided by his grace, that gave,  
 Power to merit to an uselesse slave:  
 Here shall the ties of friendship, and of blood  
 Be firmler knit, and better understood,  
 And in embraces and the kisse of peace  
 Mans accidental comfort shall encrease.  
 Here without surfeit we shall feast on blifs,  
 Enjoyment shall afford no place to wish,  
 And still prevent desire. But stay my Muse  
 Restrain thy flight, and let us disabuse  
 That reader who should think with earthly wings,  
 Thou could'st approach to pore upon those things;  
 Truth spake it, and the secret of this state  
 Lyes written in the close-clasp'd book of Fate,  
 No human sight, or hearing, can pretend  
 To know those heavenly joyes, or comprehend  
 What is prepar'd for the Elect, man's heart  
 Hath been a stranger to that sublime part  
 Of speculation, 'tis in such excesse  
 Saints onely finding know their happinesse.

Our hope our faith convey us to the door  
 But there they vanish, and are seen no more:  
 These were the vertues of our Pilgrim soul  
 Which she'll not need when once sh'as toucht her goal,  
 What they to us suggested here below  
 There we for ever shall possessing know,  
 'Tis charity shall all our pains requite,  
 In measure as in lasting infinit;  
 Whilst the soul fearlesse of it's joyes remove,  
 Enthron'd and crown'd with glory, feasts on love.

But the unrighteous whom the Lord repell's  
 Surfeit on vengeance and in darknesse dwels:  
 Hells hideous gulf th'inheritance of sin,  
 Gapes for the wicked, and doth suck them in;

And



And for more pain their fellows happier state  
 Even in their thoughts and will increase their hate;  
 Nay their dire malice grows to such a height,  
 They do repine that under the same weight  
 Of punishment their friends, their kindred, all  
 The Sons of *Adam* do not grone and fall;  
 And they abhor even God, whom thy can know  
 No otherwise then by the pains that flow  
 From his dread Justice, and those Seas of Ire  
 Wherein they alway drown, but near expire.  
 Here rude afflictions, and of every kind,  
 Which wound the memory, the flesh, the mind,  
 Invade them all at once, no ease no rest  
 Steales in a wink to them, though thus opprest.  
 Here in this Babylon dwell fearful cries,  
 Confused horror, curses, blasphemies.  
 All gastly shapes, which may affright the sence,  
 Of all that's good a perfect indigence.

But can that *Titius* (whom the Poets feign  
 To have his liver still made up again,  
 Eternally to live, and feel, and feed  
 A vulture) that's condemn'd to be the seed  
 Of his own torments; can he give our sence  
 A shadow of the worm of conscience?  
 Ah! cursed memory, which dictates still  
 The oft neglected good, oft acted ill,  
 The easy means to have avoided sin,  
 The losse of Heaven, the Hell he's buri'd in,  
 Here all which had the name of fright, of pain,  
 Of scorn, of unsupportable disdain,  
 All vengeance that is bound up in the rod  
 Stern Justice swaies for th' unappeased God,  
 Is heap'd upon their heads who have mispent  
 Their dayes, misplac'd their love, did not repent.

And



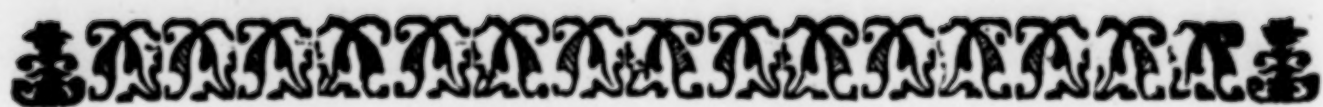
And since obdurate man whose scope was sin  
 Would in contempt of heaven delight therein,  
 Since he pursuing it did fly Gods face,  
 And by repentance sought not for his grace,  
 And since no pain is in degree intense  
 Enough, to match an infinit offence,  
 Since now Christ's merits may no more advance  
 The plea of man's imperfect sufferance,  
 The torments shall be lengthn'd to supply  
 Their want of force unto Eternity,  
 With which Hell's pains Heavens joyes shall coextend,  
 When in this day all dayes and nights do end.

F I N I S.

*Lege iterum & perpende.*







## E R R A T A.

FOL. 2. l. 21. No for Ho. fol. 3. l. 3. *resign's* for *resigne*. fol. 3. l. 17. to  
sist thy *misereries*, for to *sist* out thy *misereries*. fol. 6. l. 10. *president*, for *prece-*  
*dent*. fol. 15. l. 23. to the *leeward*, for *Seaward*. fol. 17. l. 14. *drive on*, for  
*draw on*. fol. 23. l. 15. *r. mes*, for *crimes*. fol. 42. l. 15. and she could, for she cold.  
fol. 44. l. 17. *renounc't*, for *renound*. fol. 48. near the end, *unfiele* for *unscale*.  
fol. 48. l. 19. *acquest*, for *acquist*. fol. 61. l. 31. *spit*, for *spil'd*.

